Epochs of English Literature

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VOLUME IV

THE MILTON EPOCH

BY

J. C. STOBART, M.A.

EPOCHS OF ENGLISH LITERATURE

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UNIFORM WITH THIS VOLUME

Vol. I. **The Chaucer Epoch, 1215—1500**
,, II. **The Spenser Epoch, 1500—1600**
,, III. **The Shakespeare Epoch, 1600—1625**
,, IV. **The Milton Epoch, 1625—1671**
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,, VIII. **The Wordsworth Epoch, 1798—1830**
,, IX. **The Tennyson Epoch, 1830—present day**

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THE MILTON EPOCH

BY

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LONDON

EDWARD ARNOLD

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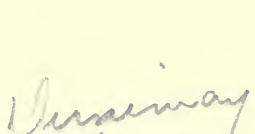

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PREFACE

THE series of which this volume is the fourth may be said to have three objects: First, to teach the history of our literature in a rational and orderly manner; second, to illuminate the history of England by exhibiting the thoughts of its men of letters in their own words; and, third, to display, as if in a gallery, some specimens of the inheritance into which every English-reading boy and girl has entered. It has been too long the practice to teach English literature in handbooks which give only the briefest examples, if any, of the works they profess to describe; and our many excellent school anthologies, from their want of a definite historical arrangement, and the absence of prose, fail almost entirely to give a connected view of the development of our language. Now, the history of our literature, falling, as it undoubtedly does, into a series of well-marked periods of excellence, appears to lend itself peculiarly to the historical treatment suggested by the word 'epoch.'

My general principles of selection are three—the intrinsic merit and interest of the piece, its convenience for use in schools, and its ability to stand by itself without great detriment from the absence of context. 'Scrappiness' is a charge to which all such collections are open; but I have tried to lessen its force by the preponderance of lyric songs, and the insertion of *Comus* and Book VI. of *Paradise Lost* complete.

J. C. S.

September, 1906.

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'Nay he dooth, as if your iourney should lye through a fayre Vineyard, at the first give you a cluster of Grapes; that full of that taste, you may long to passe further.'

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

THE MILTON EPOCH

INTRODUCTION

The Epic.—To have produced a Shakespeare would be glory enough for most nations, but to have produced a Milton in the next generation is the peculiar achievement of English literature. The drama Shakespeare exhausted: its decay set in before his death. In lyric verse, also, he touched the highest; but there was one department of poetry which he left to his successors to perfect. That department was the epic, and the challenge was almost immediately accepted. Milton stands, with Homer, Vergil, and Dante, among the great epic poets of the world. Now, the conditions of epic poetry are these: It must be large in scope and treatment; it must tell a story; it must have a hero, and its hero must be heroic. Moreover, as epics are rare, so they are commonly occasioned by some great stirring of national feeling—as Homer by the triumph of the Achæan race, Vergil by the new and hopeful creation of the Roman Empire, Dante by the glory of reawakened Florence. And so the occasion of Milton's work was the vast religious and political upheaval which asserted English liberty against the encroachments of the Stuarts.

Roundhead and Cavalier.—The contents of this book are typical of the history of its period. Here, also, Catholic and Puritan jostle one another, Cavalier and Roundhead strive

for the mastery. Herrick, for example, balances his sportive *Hesperides* with his *Noble Numbers*. But certainly here also the religious poets prevail. Beside Milton and Herrick, we have here nearly all the best religious poets of our literature: George Herbert, Henry Vaughan, Crashaw, King, Quarles, Habington, and Wither. All these, on one side or the other, bear witness to the fact that the ferment which was going on in the State was essentially a matter of religion. Religion and politics have ever been closely linked in English history, and even to-day religious questions are at the root of most of our political differences. The fact is a commonplace of history, but in reviewing the literature of this important period it is especially brought home to us by the character of the literature. Our first epoch was romantic; our second, amorous; our third, dramatic; this is religious.

Milton.—JOHN MILTON was born in Bread Street, a narrow thoroughfare which crosses Cheapside almost under the shadow of St. Paul's. It is close to the famous Mermaid Tavern, and Milton as a boy must have seen its doors open to admit the happy, nimble witted Shakespeare, with that erudite giant his friend Ben Jonson. John Milton was born in the year 1608, the third child of a prosperous and religious scrivener, who very soon perceived the talents of his son and spared no pains to improve them. He was taught at St. Paul's School, and his tutor at home was Thomas Young, for whom he conceived a life-long admiration. From St. Paul's he went, at the age of sixteen, to Christ's College, Cambridge, already an accomplished scholar who wrote Latin almost as a native language, a boy of such purity and personal beauty that he was nicknamed "The Lady of Christ's." Seven years he spent in study on the banks of "Camus, reverend sire." At this time he was intended for the Church. "My father," he says, "destined me while yet a little boy to the study of humane letters; which I seized with so much eagerness that from the

twelfth year of my age I scarcely ever went from my lessons to bed before midnight." Of his character at this time he wrote: "A certain reservedness of nature, an honest haughtiness and self-esteem kept me still above those low descents of the mind." He was, indeed, not the typical but the ideal Puritan, with whose strict morals and sturdy love of liberty there mingled the human love of beauty and joy which came to him, as disciple of Spenser and Shakespeare, as the last of the Elizabethans. He took the degree of M.A. in 1632, but he could not bring himself to accept the Articles of the Church or a ministry "bought and begun with servitude and forswearing." He hated prelatry; he feared Rome—the "grim wolf with privy paw"—as the mass of his countrymen distrusted the Papist Queen and the High Church principles of Laud. He therefore betook himself to his father's place of retirement at Horton, in Buckinghamshire, and gave himself up to the art of poetry, the study of literature in all languages, and the practice of music and mathematics. He had written poetry at ten years old; some of his noble translations from the Psalms were the product of his school-days. At Cambridge, when he was eighteen, he wrote a fine Latin elegy to his old tutor Thomas Young, the beautiful lament for his niece, *On the Death of a Fair Infant*, the college masque called *At a Vacation Exercise*, the magnificent ode *On the Morning of Christ's Nativity*, and perhaps two of the best known of his shorter poems—*L'Allegro* and *Il Penseroso*, though the latter were not published until 1648.

Comus.—Milton was, as has been said, a keen lover of music, and among his friends was the famous lutenist Henry Lawes, then master of music to the Earl of Bridgewater, who was Lord of Ludlow Castle and President of Wales. It was at the request of Lawes that Milton wrote, in 1634, the masque of *Comus*. About the nature of masques we have already spoken in the previous volume. The masque is essentially a personal form of literature. It is designed to

nonour a great man, and therefore it must be laudatory, hyperbolic, and artificial in character. Its chief element is personification—the allegorical presentment of virtues and vices or of local and historical facts in dramatic form. Personification is always a somewhat frigid literary device; nor had Milton the least dramatic instinct. It is therefore interesting to see how he approached his difficult task. When we have read the poem we appreciate how skilfully the thing is done. The praise is the praise of virtue rather than the Earl of Bridgewater. Comus and his monster-headed rout represent the vices and follies of the Court; yet with its beautiful lyric songs and exquisite natural imagery the result is the masque transfigured into something really poetical. It is for this reason—because it shows the power of Milton as a literary craftsman—that *Comus* is given here in full, to the exclusion of poems far better known.

His Foreign Travels.—Three years later the death by drowning on the Irish passage of a dear college friend, Edward King, drew from Milton the exquisite lament of *Lycidas*, the most beautiful elegy in our language. Here, while he follows in a far nobler strain the style of Vergil's tenth eclogue, he suddenly turns aside to lash the false prelates of the English Church. This is the first symptom of that bitter spirit of religious controversy which spoilt the life and marred much of the work of Milton. In 1637 his mother died, the household at Horton broke up, and Milton went abroad to France and Italy. Like Chaucer, three hundred years before, he profited much from his visit; he learnt to love the work of Tasso and Ariosto, as he was already devoted to Dante and Petrarch. In Italy he met face to face the aged martyr to scientific truth, Galileo. Honoured everywhere for his learning and his genius, the beauty and the art of Italy sank deep into his soul. He purposed to visit Greece, but news of the differences between King and Parliament summoned him home to take his part in the struggle.

His Polemical Prose.—He was now (1639) thirty-one years old and had spent much of his patrimony. He therefore betook himself to London, and, first at a house in St. Bride's Churchyard and then in Aldersgate, earned a livelihood by taking private pupils. Now for twenty years his Muse was silent but for a few rare blasts of his "trumpet," as Wordsworth finely calls the Sonnets. He wrote indeed, but he wrote in prose as champion of the "Independent" cause against the Bishops. These controversial tracts and pamphlets, marked at times by an almost incredible scurrility and bitterness, we need not remember nor enumerate. His first wife, Mary Powel, the daughter of a Cavalier squire, deserted him, and Milton wrote three pamphlets in favour of divorce, which greatly scandalized his Presbyterian friends and led to the author's appearance before the House of Lords. As a matter of fact, Mary came back to her husband soon afterwards, and was given a warm welcome—not only herself, but her family also. She bore him three daughters and then died. In 1649 he was appointed Latin Secretary to the new Parliamentary Council of State, and in that capacity replied with his *Iconoclastes* to the famous defence of Charles I. called *Eikon Basilike*. Again, when the great French scholar Salmasius was hired by the exiled Royalists to defend the executed King, Milton attacked and destroyed his arguments in a brilliant but violent pamphlet which secured European renown for his scholarship, but cost the poet the sight of his eyes.

Observe that Milton knew what he was about. This great poet gave to the cause of liberty, as he understood it, twenty years of his prime and the most precious of all his powers, his eyesight. This terrible infliction was borne by him with Christian fortitude. What it meant to him we see in the magnificent *Sonnet on his Blindness*, and the bitter cry of *Samson Agonistes*. His daughters continued reluctantly to write and read for him.

Paradise Lost.—He now began to work courageously upon

three great undertakings—a Latin Dictionary, a History of England, and a great Epic. The first two were never completed; with the third we now have to deal. Long ago the germs of the idea had occurred to him. He had considered and rejected the legends of King Arthur as a subject, and had long intended to present the Fall and Redemption of Man in the form of a sacred drama. But now that he had definitely sided with the Puritan hatred of the theatre, and had, indeed, reproached the dead King for his love of Shakespeare in his *Iconoclastes*, the drama was impossible for him. The death of Oliver Cromwell and the restoration of Charles II. in 1660 brought the champion of the Puritans into danger of his life. Though Charles II. showed no desire for revenge and suffered the poet to go free, he was forced to live for the remainder of his life in poverty and obscurity, in a world where he had to see his cherished principles one by one cast into oblivion and derision. During these years his employment and his consolation was the writing of *Paradise Lost* and *Paradise Regained*. The former was finished in 1665, at Chalfont, in Buckinghamshire, whither the poet had fled for refuge from the great plague. When it was finished he sold the copyright for £5 (to be paid for each edition), and received in all for the work the sum of £23.

Paradise Lost is designed, as the poet tells us, "to justify the ways of God to man." It is the history of the creation of man, of his happy state in Eden, of his temptation and fall, and finally of God's promises for his redemption.

But behind this human drama we are permitted to see the war in heaven, the craft and rebellion of the evil spirits overcome by the majesty and glory of the angels. It was, of course, a subject that had long cried out for epic treatment, and once adequately treated it was done for ever. There can be no second epic upon that theme. "Thou hast said much here of Paradise Lost, but what hast thou to say of Paradise Found?" was the comment of young Elwood, his Quaker

secretary. Milton supplied the answer in *Paradise Regained*, which he published in 1671. This poem is of equal majesty, and its author is said to have preferred it; but as it contains more of the rhetoric and less of the musical descriptive poetry of *Paradise Lost*, it is much less admired to-day. *Samson Agonistes*, a sacred drama, a pure Greek tragedy in spirit, and often in language, was published in the same year. We can see the sympathy that led to the choice of its hero. Milton, too, was a blind giant, a captive prey to the Philistines of his age.

These were his last utterances. In July, 1674, he fell ill, and in November, on a Sunday night, he passed quietly away, at the age of sixty-eight. He was buried in the churchyard of St. Giles, Cripplegate, where a statue has lately been erected to his memory. The history of his reputation is rather curious. Dryden, who was forty-three at Milton's death, has written a well-known epitaph:

> "Three poets, in three distant ages born,
> Greece, Italy, and England did adorn.
> The first in loftiness of thought surpassed,
> The next in majesty, in both the last;
> The force of Nature could no further go;
> To make a third she joined the former two."

But in spite of this tribute, his memory was almost forgotten, when Addison in the *Spectator* rediscovered the great work. Since then the greatest of men have been inspired by his work. Lord Macaulay knew the whole of *Paradise Lost* by heart.

The Character of his Work.—If we take a gifted nature keenly alive to the sense of beauty, if we take the eye of an artist and the ear of a musician, if to this we add the influence of Spenser and the Elizabethan humanists, a strict and scholarly training in the masterpieces of Greek and Latin literature, especially in Vergil, and inform the whole with a burning zeal for religion and a devotion to Puritan principles, we shall have the ingredients, if we may use the term, which

went to the making of John Milton. These influences alternately predominate. *L'Allegro* is as little Puritan as *Paradise Regained* is Elizabethan. There is a poem to Charles Diodati, in which he conveys in the Latin tongue a keen appreciation of the *beaux yeux* of London misses. That a poet could have written *Iconoclastes* seems as impossible as that a Cromwellian pamphleteer could have written *Arcades*. Only the classical spirit never deserts him. His illustrations, his rhetoric, his dignity, his self-restraint, his very constructions and vocabulary, are derived from the classics. One would say he thought in Latin and Greek. Vergil is the only poet who has written a great work with the same unbending gravity and unfailing harmony of style.

His Blank Verse.—Milton made of blank verse a magical instrument. By the masterly arrangement of its pauses and cæsuræ, by his consummate skill in what is called phrasing, he has contrived in all the length of his poem to avoid monotony. This is what he says by way of apology for his choice of metre, in the preface to his edition of 1669:

"The measure is English Heroic Verse without Rime, as that of Homer in Greek, and of Virgil in Latin; Rime being no necessary Adjunct or true Ornament of Poems or good Verse, in longer Works especially, but the Invention of a barbarous Age, to set off wretched Matter and lame Meeter; grac't indeed since by the use of some famous modern Poets, carried away by Custom, but much to their own vexation, hindrance, and constraint, to express many things otherwise, and for the most part worse, then [than] else they would have exprest them. Not without cause, therefore, some both Italian and Spanish Poets of prime note, have rejected Rime both in longer and shorter Works, as have also, long since, our best English Tragedies, as a thing of itself, to all judicious eares, triveal and of no true musical delight; which consists only in apt Numbers, fit quantity of Syllables, and the sense variously drawn out from one verse into another, not in the

jingling sound of like endings, a fault avoided by the learned Ancients both in Poetry and all good Oratory. This neglect then of Rime, so little is to be taken for a defect, though it may seem so perhaps to vulgar readers, that it is rather to be esteem'd an example set, the first in English, of ancient liberty recover'd to Heroic Poem from the troublesom and modern bondage of Rimeing."

Blank verse had been introduced from Italy by the Earl of Surrey about 1545 in his translations from Vergil. It had been very much improved by Marlowe and Shakespeare, in whose hands it had gained an almost excessive ease and liberty, but as the vehicle of sustained epic majesty it is, as Milton claims, his own discovery.

Milton's Prose.—Of Milton's voluminous prose works only two are now commonly read—his *Tractate on Education*, in which he sketches a course of reading which would stagger even Macaulay's "schoolboy," and his *Areopagitica*, or defence of the liberty of the Press. His prose is eloquent, majestic and harmonious to the highest degree. He is a master of striking metaphors:

> "I cannot praise a fugitive and cloistered virtue."
>
> "I endure not an instructor that comes to me under the worship of an overseeing fist."
>
> "Methinks I see her as an eagle mewing her mighty youth, and kindling her undazzled eyes at the full mid-day beam; purging and unscaling her long-abused sight at the fountain itself of heavenly radiance; while the whole noise of timorous and flocking birds, with those also that love the twilight, flutter about amazed at what she means."

The faults of his prose (and, indeed, sometimes of his poetry) are the length of his involved periods and the weakness for alien classical constructions or words, as:

> "If we have only escaped the ferula to come under the fescue of an imprimatur."
>
> "I lastly proceed from the no good it can do to the . . ." (a Greek construction).

Sir Thomas Browne.—Milton stands so far in front of his contemporaries that it is hard to know whom to place next to him. SIR THOMAS BROWNE, in his scholarship and religious bent, in the faults of his beautiful prose style (long sentences and many Latinisms) seems to come nearest. He was born in 1605, and died in 1682. He was a Londoner by birth and an Oxonian by education. Then he travelled much and studied medicine at the famous Dutch University of Leyden. His life was spent quietly in medical practice and scientific experiments at Norwich. He was a Fellow of the newly-established Royal Society, and received the honour of knighthood from that patron of science Charles II. He is known to us by three books, *Religio Medici* (which, one may observe, is the Latin for "The Faith of a Doctor," and requires no Italian pronunciation) was, curiously enough, the work of his youth. Its charm is the kind and tolerant spirit which it reveals, a spirit all the more remarkable when we consider the atmosphere in which it grew. His *Hydriotaphia*, or *Urn-burial*, a very short treatise which includes discursive reflections on the vanity of life, is a most notable example of learning delightfully displayed. It is the best of all his work, and carries a fragrance of choice phrases quite indescribable. Both Doctor Johnson and Charles Lamb, men of very different types, were profoundly influenced in mind, and even in style, by Sir Thomas Browne. His third book, *An Enquiry into Vulgar Errors*, is a solemn discussion of all sorts of quaint superstitions. Observe that the quality we now have to praise is not genius but charm.

Izaak Walton.—Here, too, it is not genius but charm, the charm of a delightful character expressed with gentle egoism. In his youth he was a comfortable Fleet Street ironmonger, not debarred by his occupation either from intellectual pursuits or distinguished society. Sir Henry Wotton, the ambassador, the wit, the poet, the Provost of Eton, was linked to him by the great brotherhood of rod and line. No prose

classic is more widely read or more tenderly loved than the *Compleat Angler*, with its quaint sympathy, wide enough to include the worm or the tortured frog on the hook and the fish in the basket, its pleasant erudition, its delightful glimpses of river-side scenery, and the quiet, contemplative enthusiasm for his art. WALTON was born in 1593, and lived to the age of ninety. In his later years he retired to the country to practise his art and avoid the troubles of his times. He was a sturdy Royalist at heart, and on one occasion carried a jewel from the King in hiding to a friend. He wrote, with the same ease and charm, the *Lives* of Church Dignitaries, among them Dr. Donne and Richard Hooker, both conspicuous figures in literature. There is no pleasanter companion than Izaak Walton.

Robert Herrick.—Charm, again, is eminently the feature of Herrick's muse. HERRICK is the best of minor poets; he has attempted nothing great, but he has written much that people know and love. There are two sides to the man and his work. He lived from about 1591 to 1674, was educated at Cambridge, and spent his youth in London, a companion of Ben Jonson and the brilliant circle of the Mermaid Tavern. He had a keen eye for beauty in flowers and women. No one could turn a happier quatrain in honour of a lady. It is true that the *Hesperides* (daughters of the West), as he called his collection of sportive pieces, contains a good deal that should not have been thought and a great deal more which need not have been published, but there are gems which are common to every anthology. It is the quaintness of his fancy and the simplicity of his music which delights us. Consider the word *liquefaction*, by which he describes the silken gown of his Julia.

"UPON JULIA'S CLOTHES.

"When in silks my Julia goes,
Then, then (me thinks) how sweetly flows
That *liquefaction* of her clothes.

> "Next, when I cast mine eyes and see
> That brave Vibration each way free;
> O how that glittering taketh me!"

Slight, even unto tenuity, but eminently pretty.

By 1648, in which year he published both the *Hesperides* and the *Noble Numbers*, he was the Rev. Robert Herrick, vicar of a Devonshire parish, lamenting the lot which had cast him amongst such savages. The *Noble Numbers* are a sort of literary penance for the sportive freedom of the *Hesperides*. There we see exactly the same curious fancy at play among religious things. A fanciful critic might detect the flavour of Devonshire cream in all Herrick's work.

George Wither.—The quantity and slightness of Herrick's verse suggests cheap paper and ink and a great facility in rhyming. Rhyme had, indeed, become fatally easy by this time, and GEORGE WITHER is a victim to facility. He was a Hampshire man, educated at Oxford. He was sent to prison for his political satires, *Abuses Stript and Whipt*, but wrote the more during his imprisonment. He sold his patrimony to provide troops for the Parliamentary cause. A good story is told of his capture by the Royalists, when Sir John Denham, the Royalist poet, interfered to save him, pleading only "So long as he lives, I am not the worst poet in England." The sacred poetry contained in his *Hallelujah*, the pleasant description of Alresford Pool in his *Philarete*, and the independent note of his song *Shall I wasting in Despair*, are the most distinguished features of his work.

Andrew Marvell.—MARVELL was, like Milton, a Puritan. He was educated at Cambridge, and travelled much. Milton perceived his abilities, and recommended him to the favour of Cromwell, who secured for him the post of assistant secretary to Milton as the Government's Foreign Secretary. After the Restoration, as member for Hull, he showed considerable

courage in attacking the Government. His dates are 1620 to 1678. His poetry falls into two distinct categories. From 1650 to 1652 he was writing delightful lyrics—the *Garden Poems*—profoundly influenced by the lighter style of Milton. Later in life he gave up the love of his garden to satirize his fellow-men, and became one of the forerunners of Dryden and the satiric school. Indeed, he may be said to have initiated the use of the heroic couplet which dominated English poetry for more than a hundred years. In this second capacity Andrew Marvell belongs to our next epoch. But we must not fail to notice here his great *Horatian Ode upon the Return of Cromwell from Ireland* in 1650, in which his fine spirit of upright independence is shown by his allusion to the martyred King in the famous lines—

"From thence the Royal actor borne
The tragic scaffold might adorn;
While round the armèd bands
Did clap their bloody hands.
He nothing common did nor mean
Upon that memorable scene,
But with his keener eye
The axe's edge did try.
Nor called the gods with vulgar spite,
To vindicate his helpless right;
But bowed his comely head
Down, as upon a bed."

Noble words, indeed, to appear in a panegyric by a Puritan office-seeker to the Lord Protector!

Religious Poets.—For some obscure reason the religious lyric appears commonly to attract the worst kind of poets. Our hymn-books are degraded by a great deal of very poor verse—commonplace ideas, wanting in any real fervour and expressed for the most part in vague, commonplace metaphors. But the age of which we are speaking produced all the best work of that kind which we possess; nor is the secret of this far to seek. The religious poems of Crashaw, Herbert, Vaughan, and Habington are simple Elizabethan love poems

with a religious bent. They are really the outpourings of a personal devotion. The very phrases of love poetry occur—"My Dear," "My Best Belovéd," "Thy fair Eyes." Indeed, but for the capital letters and the titles we might be excused for forgetting that the motive is now religious. GEORGE HERBERT, born 1593, was a brother of the famous Lord Herbert of Cherbury, was educated at Cambridge, where he became Public Orator, and spent his life peacefully at a vicarage near Salisbury. His book of poems, *The Temple*, was long and widely popular. HENRY VAUGHAN'S meditations are deeper, and are combined with a love of Nature. His *Sacred Poems* were published in 1651. *The Divine Emblems* of FRANCIS QUARLES were long popular in the cottages of the poor, but are now, I think, quite forgotten. RICHARD CRASHAW, born about 1613, transcends them all in his moments of passion, though his work is often commonplace enough. Yet the finale of his *Flaming Heart*, the address to St. Theresa, is a thing of astonishing beauty and deep inspiration. He was deprived of his fellowship at Cambridge by reason of his Popish leanings, and eventually became a Roman Catholic, and died in 1650, in the monastery of Loretto. ABRAHAM COWLEY and EDMUND WALLER might from their dates find a place here, but as the forerunners of Dryden they have been reserved for the next epoch.

Cavalier Poets.—SIR JOHN SUCKLING was born in 1609, his father being a member of the Court of King James I. In his youth he served in the army of Gustavus Adolphus, and in the early years of Charles I. was the principal wit of London. He wrote several comedies and tragedies. He spent all his fortune—£12,000—in the King's cause, and in his chagrin at the result retired to France, where he died tragically and mysteriously in 1642. Wit is the prevailing characteristic of his charming lyrics.

RICHARD LOVELACE is like him in style, character, and

career. He was born in 1618, and died about 1659, just too early to see the Restoration, which he ardently desired. An account of the imprisonments which he turned to so good literary advantage will be found in the notes. His utterance

> "I could not love thee, dear, so much
> Loved I not honour more"

is perhaps the best-known thing in this book. These two are sufficient to lend support to the popular ideal of the Cavalier captain as a gay and accomplished gentleman. But the balance of intellect, so far as literature is concerned, remains upon the other side; and, above all, there is nothing here to vitiate our important thesis — that it is great intellect, and not great passion, which produces great poetry.

Some Important Omissions.—In addition to Milton's prose, which has been omitted here merely because the claims of his poetry are so great, the most important omissions are three prose writers—Robert Burton (1577-1640), Jeremy Taylor (1613-1667), and Thomas Hobbes (1588-1679)—none of whom have been considered suitable for selection. ROBERT BURTON'S *Anatomy of Melancholy* is a work of colossal learning, brilliant wit, and much eloquence. So numerous and so obscure, indeed, are the quotations and allusions that no one of our generation is qualified to write notes to it. The student may get an idea of his style by imagining that of Sir T. Browne with a Latin quotation thrust in between every pair of sentences. JEREMY TAYLOR, who suffered for his adherence to the King's side, but received an Irish bishopric at the Restoration, was a preacher and writer of singularly poetical rhetoric. His *Holy Living* and *Holy Dying* are still widely read and loved. THOMAS HOBBES was one of the greatest of English philosophers. His style, clear but unadorned, is in striking contrast to the long sentences and elaborate cadences of contemporary prose. His great work is the *Leviathan*,

which is a learned and ably-reasoned plea for the cause of the King, his main contention being that, as the King's power is delegated to him by the people, and as the Sovereign is but the executive of the nation's will, the Sovereign can do no wrong in his official capacity. Of Fuller's *Worthies of England* (1661) and Baxter's *Saints' Everlasting Rest* (1650), though both have had enormous vogue, we have no space here to speak. Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress* is the greatest prose masterpiece of Stuart times, but as it was not published until 1678 it belongs to the next epoch.

I.

SIR THOMAS BROWNE.

(i.) RELIGIO MEDICI.

For my Religion, though there be several Circumstances that might perswade the World I have none at all, (as the general scandal of my Profession, the natural course of my Studies, the indifferency of my Behaviour and Discourse in matters of Religion, neither violently Defending one, nor with that common ardour and contention Opposing another;) yet, in despight hereof, I dare without usurpation assume the honourable Stile of a Christian. Not that I meerely owe this Title to the Font, my Education, or the clime wherein I was born, (as being bred up either to confirm those Principles my Parents instilled into my unwary Understanding, or by a general consent proceed in the Religion of my Country;) but having in my riper years and confirmed Judgment seen and examined all, I find my self obliged by the Principles of Grace, and the Law of mine own Reason, to embrace no other Name but this. Neither doth herein my zeal so far make me forget the general Charity I owe unto Humanity, as rather to hate than pity Turks, Infidels, and (what is worse,) Jews; rather contenting my self to enjoy that happy Stile, than maligning those who refuse so glorious a Title.

But, because the Name of a Christian is become too general to express our Faith, (there being a Geography

of Religions as well as Lands, and every Clime distinguished not only by their Laws and Limits, but circumscribed by their Doctrines and Rules of Faith;) to be particular, I am of that Reformed new-cast Religion, wherein I dislike nothing but the Name; of the same belief our Saviour taught, the Apostles disseminated, the Fathers authorized, and the Martyrs confirmed; but by the sinister ends of Princes, the ambition and avarice of Prelates, and the fatal corruption of times, so decayed, impaired, and fallen from its native Beauty, that it required the careful and charitable hands of these times to restore it to its primitive Integrity. Now the accidental occasion whereupon, the slender means whereby, the low and abject condition of the Person by whom so good a work was set on foot, which in our Adversaries beget contempt and scorn, fills me with wonder, and is the very same Objection the insolent Pagans first cast at Christ and His Disciples.

Yet have I not so shaken hands with those desperate Resolutions, (who had rather venture at large their decayed bottom, than bring her in to be trimm'd in the Dock; who had rather promiscuously retain all, than abridge any, and obstinately be what they are, than what they have been,) as to stand in Diameter and Swords point with them. We have reformed from them, not against them; for (omitting those Improperations and Terms of Scurrility betwixt us, which only difference our Affections, and not our Cause,) there is between us one common Name and Appellation, one Faith and necessary body of Principles common to us both; and therefore I am not scrupulous to converse and live with them, to enter their Churches in defect of ours, and either pray with them or for them. I could never perceive any rational Consequence from those many Texts which pro hibit the Children of Israel to pollute themselves with

the Temples of the Heathens; we being all Christians, and not divided by such detested impieties as might prophane our Prayers, or the place wherein we make them; or that a resolved Conscience may not adore her Creator any where, especially in places devoted to His Service; where, if *their* Devotions offend Him, mine may please Him; if theirs prophane it, mine may hallow it. Holy-water and Crucifix (dangerous to the common people,) deceive not my judgment, nor abuse my devotion at all. I am, I confess, naturally inclined to that which misguided zeal terms *Superstition*. My common conversation I do acknowledge austere, my behaviour full of rigour, sometimes not without morosity; yet at my Devotion I love to use the civility of my knee, my hat, and hand, with all those outward and sensible motions which may express or promote my invisible Devotion. I should violate my own arm rather than a Church; nor willingly deface the name of Saint or Martyr. At the sight of a Cross or Crucifix I can dispense with my hat, but scarce with the thought or memory of my Saviour. I cannot laugh at, but rather pity, the fruitless journeys of Pilgrims, or contemn the miserable condition of Fryars; for, though misplaced in Circumstances, there is something in it of Devotion. I could never hear the Ave-Mary Bell without an elevation; or think it a sufficient warrant, because *they* erred in one circumstance, for me to err in all, that is, in silence and dumb contempt. Whilst, therefore, they directed their Devotions to *Her*, I offered mine to God, and rectified the Errors of their Prayers by rightly ordering mine own. At a solemn Procession I have wept abundantly, while my consorts, blind with opposition and prejudice, have fallen into an excess of scorn and laughter. There are, questionless, both in Greek, Roman, and African Churches, Solemnities and Ceremonies, where-

of the wiser zeals do make a Christian use, and stand condemned by us, not as evil in themselves, but as allurements and baits of superstition to those vulgar heads that look asquint on the face of Truth, and those unstable Judgments that cannot consist in the narrow point and centre of Virtue without a reel or stagger to the Circumference.

As there were many Reformers, so likewise many Reformations; every Country proceeding in a particular way and method, according as their national Interest, together with their Constitution and Clime, inclined them; some angrily, and with extremity; others calmly, and with mediocrity; not rending, but easily dividing the community, and leaving an honest possibility of a reconciliation; which though peaceable Spirits do desire, and may conceive that revolution of time and the mercies of God may effect, yet that judgment that shall consider the present antipathies between the two extreams, their contrarieties in condition, affection, and opinion, may with the same hopes expect an union in the Poles of Heaven.

But (to difference my self nearer, and draw into a lesser Circle,) there is no Church whose every part so squares unto my Conscience; whose Articles, Constitutions, and Customs seem so consonant unto reason, and as it were framed to my particular Devotion, as this whereof I hold my Belief, the Church of England; to whose Faith I am a sworn Subject, and therefore in a double Obligation subscribe unto her Articles, and endeavour to observe her Constitutions. Whatsoever is beyond, as points indifferent, I observe according to the rules of my private reason, or the humour and fashion of my Devotion; neither believing this, because Luther affirmed it, or disproving that, because Calvin hath disavouched it. I condemn not all things in the Council of Trent, nor approve all in the Synod of Dort. In brief,

where the Scripture is silent, the Church is my Text; where that speaks, 'tis but my Comment: where there is a joynt silence of both, I borrow not the rules of my Religion from Rome or Geneva, but the dictates of my own reason. It is an unjust scandal of our adversaries, and a gross errour in our selves, to compute the Nativity of our Religion from Henry the Eighth, who, though he rejected the Pope, refus'd not the faith of Rome, and effected no more than what his own Predecessors desired and assayed in Ages past, and was conceived the State of Venice would have attempted in our days. It is as uncharitable a point in *us* to fall upon those popular scurrilities and opprobrious scoffs of the Bishop of Rome, to whom, as a temporal Prince, we owe the duty of good language. I confess there is cause of passion between us: by his sentence I stand excommunicated; *Heretick* is the best language he affords me; yet can no ear witness I ever returned him the name of *Antichrist*, or *Man of Sin*. It is the method of Charity to suffer without reaction: those usual Satyrs and invectives of the Pulpit may perchance produce a good effect on the vulgar, whose ears are opener to Rhetorick than Logick; yet do they in no wise confirm the faith of wiser Believers, who know that a good cause needs not to be patron'd by passion, but can sustain it self upon a temperate dispute.

I could never divide my self from any man upon the difference of an opinion, or be angry with his judgment for not agreeing with me in that from which perhaps within a few days I should dissent myself. I have no Genius to disputes in Religion, and have often thought it wisdom to decline them, especially upon a disadvantage, or when the cause of Truth might suffer in the weakness of my patronage. Where we desire to be informed, 'tis good to contest with men above our selves; but to confirm and establish our opinions, 'tis best to argue with judg-

ments below our own, that the frequent spoils and Victories over their reasons may settle in ourselves an esteem and confirmed Opinion of our own. Every man is not a proper Champion for Truth, nor fit to take up the Gauntlet in the cause of Verity; many, from the ignorance of these Maximes, and an inconsiderate zeal unto Truth, have too rashly charged the Troops of Error, and remain as Trophies unto the Enemies of Truth. A man may be in as just possession of Truth as of a City, and yet be forced to surrender; 'tis therefore far better to enjoy her with peace, than to hazzard her on a battle. If, therefore, there rise any doubts in my way, I do forget them, or at least defer them till my better settled judgement and more manly reason be able to resolve them; for I perceive every man's own reason is his best Œdipus, and will, upon a reasonable truce, find a way to loose those bonds wherewith the subtleties of error have enchained our more flexible and tender judgements. In Philosophy, where Truth seems double-fac'd, there is no man more Paradoxical than my self: but in Divinity I love to keep the Road; and, though not in an implicite, yet an humble faith, follow the great wheel of the Church, by which I move, not reserving any proper Poles or motion from the Epicycle of my own brain. By this means I leave no gap for Heresies, Schismes, or Errors, of which at present I hope I shall not injure Truth to say I have no taint or tincture.

* * * * *

I hold there is a general beauty in the works of God, and therefore no deformity in any kind or species of creature whatsoever. I cannot tell by what Logick we call a Toad, a Bear, or an Elephant ugly; they being created in those outward shapes and figures which best express the actions of their inward forms, and having past that general Visitation of God, Who saw that all

that He had made was good, that is, conformable to His Will, which abhors deformity, and is the rule of order and beauty. There is no deformity but in Monstrosity; wherein, notwithstanding, there is a kind of Beauty; Nature so ingeniously contriving the irregular parts, as they become sometimes more remarkable than the principal Fabrick. To speak yet more narrowly, there was never any thing ugly or mis-shapen, but the Chaos; wherein, notwithstanding, (to speak strictly,) there was no deformity, because no form; nor was it yet impregnant by the voice of God. Now Nature is not at variance with Art, nor Art with Nature, they being both servants of His Providence. Art is the perfection of Nature. Were the World now as it was the sixth day, there were yet a Chaos. Nature hath made one World, and Art another. In brief, all things are artificial; for Nature is the Art of God.

This is the ordinary and open way of His Providence, which Art and Industry have in a good part discovered; whose effects we may foretel without an Oracle: to foreshew these, is not Prophesie, but Prognostication. There is another way, full of Meanders and Labyrinths, whereof the Devil and Spirits have no exact ephemerides; and that is a more particular and obscure method of His Providence, directing the operations of individuals and single Essences: this we call *Fortune*, that serpentine and crooked line, whereby He draws those actions His Wisdom intends, in a more unknown and secret way. This cryptick and involved method of His Providence have I ever admired; nor can I relate the History of my life, the occurrences of my days, the escapes of dangers, and hits of chance, with a *Bezo las Manos* to Fortune, or a bare *Gramercy* to my good Stars. Abraham might have thought the Ram in the thicket came thither by accident; humane reason would have said that meer chance con-

veyed Moses in the Ark to the sight of Pharaoh's Daughter: what Labyrinth is there in the story of Joseph, able to convert a Stoick! Surely there are in every man's Life certain rubs, doublings, and wrenches, which pass a while under the effects of chance, but at the last, well examined, prove the meer hand of God. 'Twas not dumb chance, that, to discover the Fougade or Powder-plot, contrived a miscarriage in the Letter. I like the Victory of '88 the better for that one occurrence, which our enemies imputed to our dishonour and the partiality of Fortune, to wit, the tempests and contrariety of Winds. King Philip did not detract from the Nation, when he said, *he sent his Armado to fight with men, and not to combate with the Winds.* Where there is a manifest disproportion between the powers and forces of two several agents, upon a Maxime of reason we may promise the Victory to the Superiour; but when unexpected accidents slip in, and unthought of occurrences intervene, these must proceed from a power that owes no obedience to those Axioms; where, as in the writing upon the wall, we may behold the hand, but see not the spring that moves it. The success of that petty Province of Holland (of which the Grand Seignour proudly said, *if they should trouble him as they did the Spaniard, he would send his men with shovels and pick-axes, and throw it into the Sea,*) I cannot altogether ascribe to the ingenuity and industry of the people, but the mercy of God, that hath disposed them to such a thriving Genius; and to the will of His Providence, that disposeth her favour to each Country in their preordinate season. All cannot be happy at once; for, because the glory of one State depends upon the ruine of another, there is a revolution and vicissitude of their greatness, and must obey the swing of that wheel, not moved by Intelligences, but by the hand of God, whereby all Estates arise to their *Zenith* and Vertical

points according to their predestinated periods. For the lives, not only of men, but of Commonwealths, and the whole World, run not upon a *Helix* that still enlargeth, but on a Circle, where, arriving to their Meridian, they decline in obscurity, and fall under the Horizon again.

* * * * *

Now for that other Virtue of Charity, without which Faith is a meer notion, and of no existence, I have ever endeavoured to nourish the merciful disposition and humane inclination I borrowed from my Parents, and regulate it to the written and prescribed Laws of Charity. And if I hold the true Anatomy of my self, I am delineated and naturally framed to such a piece of virtue; for I am of a constitution so general, that it consorts and sympathiseth with all things. I have no Antipathy, or rather Idiosyncrasie, in dyet, humour, air, any thing. I wonder not at the French, for their dishes of Frogs, Snails and Toadstools, nor at the Jews for Locusts and Grasshoppers; but being amongst them, make them my common Viands, and I find they agree with my Stomach as well as theirs. I could digest a Salad gathered in a Church-yard, as well as in a Garden. I cannot start at the presence of a Serpent, Scorpion, Lizard, or Salamander: at the sight of a Toad or Viper, I find in me no desire to take up a stone to destroy them. I feel not in my self those common Antipathies that I can discover in others: those National repugnances do not touch me, nor do I behold with prejudice the French, Italian, Spaniard, or Dutch: but where I find their actions in balance with my Countrymen's, I honour, love, and embrace them in the same degree. I was born in the eighth Climate, but seem for to be framed and constellated unto all. I am no Plant that will not prosper out of a Garden. All places, all airs, make unto me one Countrey; I am in England every where, and under any Meridian. I have

been ship wrackt, yet am not enemy with the Sea or Winds; I can study, play, or sleep in a Tempest. In brief, I am averse from nothing: my Conscience would give me the lye if I should say I absolutely detest or hate any essence but the Devil; or so at least abhor any thing, but that we might come to composition. If there be any among those common objects of hatred I do contemn and laugh at, it is that great enemy of Reason, Virtue and Religion, the Multitude: that numerous piece of monstrosity, which, taken asunder, seem men, and the reasonable creatures of God; but, confused together, make but one great beast, and a monstrosity more prodigious than Hydra. It is no breach of Charity to call these *Fools;* it is the style all holy Writers have afforded them, set down by Solomon in Canonical Scripture, and a point of our Faith to believe so. Neither in the name of *Multitude* do I onely include the base and minor sort of people; there is a rabble even amongst the Gentry, a sort of Plebeian heads, whose fancy moves with the same wheel as these; men in the same Level with Mechanick, though their fortunes do somewhat guild their infirmities, and their purses compound for their follies. But as, in casting account, three or four men together come short in account of one man placed by himself below them; so neither are a troop of these ignorant *Doradoes* of that true esteem and value, as many a forlorn person, whose condition doth place him below their feet. Let us speak like Politicians: there is a Nobility without Heraldry, a natural dignity, whereby one man is ranked with another, another filed before him, according to the quality of his Desert and preheminence of his good parts. Though the corruption of these times and the byas of present practice wheel another way, thus it was in the first and primitive Commonwealths, and is yet in the integrity and Cradle of well-order'd Polities, till corruption getteth ground;

ruder desires labouring after that which wiser considerations contemn, every one having a liberty to amass and heap up riches, and they a licence or faculty to do or purchase any thing.

(ii.) URN-BURIAL.

To be nameless in worthy deeds, exceeds an infamous history. The Canaanitish woman lives more happily without a name, than Herodias with one. And who had not rather been the good thief than Pilate?

But the iniquity of oblivion blindly scattereth her poppy, and deals with the memory of men without distinction to merit or perpetuity. Who can but pity the founder of the pyramids? Herostratus lives that burnt the temple of Diana, he is almost lost that built it. Time hath spared the epitaph of Adrian's horse, confounded that of himself. In vain we compute our felicities by the advantage of our good names, since bad have equal durations, and Thersites is like to live as long as Agamemnon. Who knows whether the best of men be known, or whether there be not more remarkable persons forgot, than any that stand remembered in the known account of time? Without the favour of the everlasting register, the first man had been as unknown as the last, and Methuselah's long life had been his only chronicle.

Oblivion is not to be hired. The greater part must be content to be as though they had not been, to be found in the register of God, not in the record of man. Twenty-seven names make up the first story, and the recorded names ever since contain not one living century. The number of the dead long exceedeth all that shall live. The night of time far surpasseth the day, and who knows when was the equinox? Every hour adds unto that

current arithmetick, which scarce stands one moment. And since death must be the *Lucina* of life, and even Pagans could doubt, whether thus to live were to die; since our longest sun sets at right descensions, and makes but winter arches, and therefore it cannot be long before we lie down in darkness, and have our light in ashes; since the brother of death daily haunts us with dying mementos, and time that grows old in itself, bids us hope no longer duration;—diuturnity is a dream and folly of expectation.

Darkness and light divide the course of time, and oblivion shares with memory a great part even of our living beings; we slightly remember our felicities, and the smartest strokes of affliction leave but short smart upon us. Sense endureth no extremities, and sorrows destroy us or themselves. To weep into stones are fables. Afflictions induce callosities; miseries are slippery, or fall like snow upon us, which notwithstanding is no unhappy stupidity. To be ignorant of evils to come, and forgetful of evils past, is a merciful provision in nature, whereby we digest the mixture of our few and evil days, and, our delivered senses not relapsing into cutting remembrances, our sorrows are not kept raw by the edge of repetitions. A great part of antiquity contented their hopes of subsistency with a transmigration of their souls,—a good way to continue their memories, while having the advantage of plural successions, they could not but act something remarkable in such variety of beings, and enjoying the fame of their passed selves, make accumulation of glory unto their last durations. Others, rather than be lost in the uncomfortable night of nothing, were content to recede into the common being, and make one particle of the public soul of all things, which was no more than to return into their unknown and divine original again. Egyptian ingenuity was more unsatisfied,

contriving their bodies in sweet consistencies, to attend the return of their souls. But all was vanity, feeding the wind, and folly. The Egyptian mummies, which Cambyses or time hath spared, avarice now consumeth. Mummy is become merchandise, Mizraim cures wounds, and Pharaoh is sold for balsams.

II.

GEORGE HERBERT.

THE PULLEY.

When God at first made man,
Having a glass of blessings standing by;
Let us, said He, pour on him all we can,
Let the world's riches, which dispersed lie,
Contract into a spanne.

So strength first made a way;
Then beautie flow'd, then wisdom, honoure, pleasure:
When almost all was out, God made a staye,
Perceiving that alone of all his treasure
Rest at the bottom laye.

For if I should, said he,
Bestowe this jewel also on my creature,
He would adore my gifts instead of me
And rest in Nature, not the God of nature,
So both should losers be.

Yet let him keepe the rest,
But keepe them with repining restlessness,
Let him be rich and wearie, that at least
If goodness lead him not, yet weariness
May toss him to my breast.

III.

MILTON.

COMUS.

A Mask presented at Ludlow Castle, 1634.

The First Scene discovers a wild wood. The attendant Spirit descends or enters.

Before the starry threshold of *Joves* Court
My mansion is, where those immortal shapes
Of bright aëreal Spirits live inspher'd
In regions mild of calm and serene air,
Above the smoke and stir of this dim spot,
Which men call earth, and with low-thoughted care
Confin'd, and pester'd in this pin-fold here,
Strive to keep up a frail and feverish being
Unmindful of the crown that Virtue gives
After this mortal change, to her true servants
Amongst the enthron'd gods on sainted seats.
Yet some there be that by due steps aspire
To lay their just hands on that Golden Key
That opes the Palace of Eternity :
To such my errand is, and but for such,
I would not soil these pure ambrosial weeds,
With the rank vapours of this sin-worn mould.
But to my task. *Neptune* besides the sway
Of every salt flood, and each ebbing stream,
Took in by lot 'twixt high and nether *Jove*
Imperial rule of all the sea-girt isles,
That like to rich and various gems inlay
The unadorned bosom of the deep,

Which he to grace his tributary gods
By course commits to several government,
And gives them leave to wear their sapphire crowns,
And wield their little tridents: but this isle,
The greatest and the best of all the main
He quarters to his blue-hair'd deities,
And all this tract that fronts the falling Sun
A noble Peer of mickle trust and power
Has in his charge, with temper'd awe to guide
An old and haughty nation proud in arms:
Where his fair off-spring nurs't in princely lore,
Are coming to attend their father's state
And new-entrusted Sceptre, but their way
Lies through the perplex't paths of this drear wood,
The nodding horror of whose shady brows
Threats the forlorn and wand'ring passenger.
And here their tender age might suffer peril,
But that by quick command from Sovereign *Jove*
I was dispatcht for their defence, and guard;
And listen why, for I will tell ye now
What never yet was heard in tale or song
From old or modern bard in hall or bow'r.
Bacchus, that first from out the purple grape
Crush't the sweet poison of mis-used wine
After the *Tuscan* Mariners transform'd
Coasting the *Tyrrhene* shore, as the winds listed,
On *Circe's* Island fell (who knows not *Circe*
The daughter of the Sun? Whose charmed cup
Whoever tasted, lost his upright shape,
And downward fell into a groveling swine)
This Nymph that gaz'd upon his clustring locks,
With ivy berries wreath'd, and his blithe youth,
Had by him, ere he parted thence, a son
Much like his father, but his mother more,
Whom therefore she brought up and *Comus* nam'd,

Who ripe, and frolic of his full grown age,
Roving the *Celtic* and *Iberian* fields,
At last betakes him to this ominous wood,
And in thick shelter of black shades embowr'd,
Excels his mother at her mighty art,
Off'ring to every weary traveller,
His orient liquor in a crystal glass,
To quench the drouth of *Phœbus*, which as they taste
(For most do taste through fond intemperate thirst)
Soon as the potion works, their human count'nance,
Th' express resemblance of the gods, is chang'd
Into some brutish form of wolf, or bear,
Or ounce, or tiger, hog, or bearded goat,
All other parts remaining as they were,
And they, so perfect is their misery,
Not once perceive their foul disfigurement,
But boast themselves more comely than before
And all their friends, and native home forget
To roll with pleasure in a sensual sty.
Therefore when any favour'd of high *Jove*
Chances to pass through this advent'rous glade,
Swift as the sparkle of a glancing star,
I shoot from Heav'n to give him safe convoy,
As now I do: But first I must put off
These my sky robes spun out of *Iris'* woof,
And take the weeds and likeness of a swain,
That to the service of this house belongs,
Who with his soft pipe, and smooth-dittied song,
Well knows to still the wild winds when they roar,
And hush the waving woods, nor of less faith,
And in this office of his mountain watch,
Likeliest, and nearest to the present aid
Of this occasion. But I hear the tread
Of hateful steps: I must be viewless now.

Comus *enters with a Charming Rod in one hand, his Glass in the other, with him a rout of Monsters, headed like sundry sorts of wild Beasts, but otherwise like Men and Women, their Apparel glistring, they come in making a riotous and unruly noise, with Torches in their hands.*

Comus. The star that bids the shepherd fold,
Now the top of Heav'n doth hold,
And the gilded car of Day,
His glowing axle doth allay
In the steep *Atlantic* stream,
And the slope Sun his upward beam
Shoots against the dusky pole,
Pacing toward the other goal
Of his chamber in the East.
Meanwhile welcome Joy and Feast,
Midnight shout and revelry,
Tipsy dance and Jollity.
Braid your locks with rosy twine
Dropping odours, dropping wine.
Rigour now is gone to bed,
And Advice with scrupulous head,
Strict Age and sour Severity,
With their grave saws in slumber lie.
We that are of purer fire
Imitate the Starry Quire,
Who in their nightly watchful spheres,
Lead in swift round the Months and Years.
The Sounds and Seas with all their finny drove
Now to the Moon in wavering Morrice move
And on the tawny sands and shelves,
Trip the pert Fairies and the dapper Elves ;
By dimpled brook and fountain brim,
The Wood-Nymphs deckt with daisies trim,
Their merry wakes and pastimes keep :
What hath night to do with sleep ?

Night hath better sweets to prove,
Venus now wakes, and wak'ns Love.
Come let us our rights begin,
'Tis only day-light that makes sin
Which these dun shades will ne'er report.
Hail Goddess of nocturnal sport
Dark-veild *Cotytto*, t' whom the secret flame
Of mid-night torches burns ; mysterious Dame
That ne'er art call'd, but when the dragon womb
Of Stygian darkness spets her thickest gloom,
And makes one blot of all the air,
Stay thy cloudy ebon chair,
Wherein thou rid'st with *Hecat'*, and befriend
Us thy vow'd Priests, till utmost end
Of all thy dues be done, and none left out,
Ere the blabbing eastern scout,
The nice Morn, on th' *Indian* steep
From her cabin'd loop-hole peep,
And to the tell-tale Sun descry
Our conceal'd solemnity.
Come, knit hands, and beat the ground,
In a light fantastic round.

[*The Measure.*

Break off, break off, I feel the different pace,
Of some chaste footing near about this ground.
Run to your shrouds, within these brakes and trees,
Our number may affright : some virgin sure
(For so I can distinguish by mine art)
Benighted in these woods. Now to my charms,
And to my wily trains, I shall ere long
Be well stock't with as fair a herd as graz'd
About my mother *Circe*. Thus I hurl
My dazzling spells into the spongy air,
Of power to cheat the eye with blear illusion,
And give it false presentments, lest the place

And my quaint habits breed astonishment,
And put the damsel to suspicious flight,
Which must not be, for that's against my course;
I under fair pretence of friendly ends,
And well plac't words of glozing courtesy
Baited with reasons not unplausible
Wind me into the easy-hearted man,
And hug him into snares. When once her eye
Hath met the virtue of this magic dust,
I shall appear some harmless villager
Whom thrift keeps up about his country gear,
But here she comes, I fairly step aside,
And hearken, if I may, her business here.

The LADY *enters.*

Lady. This way the noise was, if mine ear be true,
My best guide now—Methought it was the sound
Of riot and ill-manag'd merriment,
Such as the jocund flute or gamesome pipe
Stirs up among the loose unletter'd hinds,
When for their teeming flocks, and granges full
In wanton dance they praise the bounteous *Pan*,
And thank the gods amiss. I should be loth
To meet the rudeness and swill'd insolence
Of such late wassailers; yet O where else
Shall I inform my unacquainted feet
In the blind mazes of this tangl'd wood?
My brothers when they saw me wearied out
With this long way, resolving here to lodge
Under the spreading favour of these pines,
Stept, as they said, to the next thicket side
To bring me berries, or such cooling fruit
As the kind hospitable woods provide.
They left me then, when the gray-hooded Ev'n
Like a sad votarist in palmer's weed

Rose from the hindmost wheels of *Phœbus'* wain.
But where they are, and why they came not back,
Is now the labour of my thoughts. 'Tis likeliest
They had engag'd their wand'ring steps too far,
And envious darkness, ere they could return,
Had stole them from me. Else O thievish Night
Why shouldst thou, but for some felonious end,
In thy dark lantern thus close up the stars,
That nature hung in Heav'n, and fill'd their lamps
With everlasting oil, to give due light
To the misled and lonely Traveller?
This is the place, as well as I may guess,
Whence even now the tumult of loud mirth
Was rife, and perfect in my list'ning ear,
Yet nought but single darkness do I find.
What might this be? A thousand fantasies
Begin to throng into my memory
Of calling shapes, and beck'ning shadows dire,
And airy tongues, that syllable men's names
On sands, and shores, and desert wildernesses.
These thoughts may startle well, but not astound
The virtuous mind, that ever walks attended
By a strong siding champion Conscience.——
O welcome pure-ey'd Faith, white-handed Hope,
Thou hovering angel girt with golden wings,
And thou unblemish't form of Chastity,
I see ye visibly, and now believe
That he, the Supreme Good, t' whom all things ill
Are but as slavish officers of vengeance,
Would send a glist'ring Guardian if need were
To keep my life and honour unassail'd.——
Was I deceiv'd, or did a sable cloud
Turn forth her silver lining on the night?
I did not err, there does a sable cloud
Turn forth her silver lining on the night,

And casts a gleam over this tufted grove.
I cannot hallo to my brothers, but
Such noise as I can make to be heard farthest
I'll venture, for my new enliv'nd spirits
Prompt me ; and they perhaps are not far off.

SONG.

Sweet Echo, sweetest Nymph, that liv'st unseen
Within thy airy shell
By slow Meander's *margent green,*
And in the violet-embroider'd vale
Where the love-lorn Nightingale
Nightly to thee her sad song mourneth well :
Canst thou not tell me of a gentle pair
That likest thy Narcissus *are ?*
O if thou have
Hid them in some flow'ry cave,
Tell me but where
Sweet Queen of Parley, Daughter of the Sphere,
So may'st thou be translated to the skies,
And give resounding grace to all Heav'n's harmonies.

Com. Can any mortal mixture of Earth's mould
Breathe such divine enchanting ravishment ?
Sure something holy lodges in that breast,
And with these raptures moves the vocal air
To testify his hidd'n residence ;
How sweetly did they float upon the wings
Of silence, through the empty-vaulted night
At every fall smoothing the raven down
Of darkness till it smil'd : I have oft heard
My mother *Circe* with the Sirens three,
Amid'st the flow'ry-kirtl'd *Naiades*
Culling their Potent herbs, and bale'ul drugs,
Who as they sung, would take the prison'd soul,

And lap it in *Elysium*, *Scylla* wept,
And chid her barking waves into attention,
And fell *Charybdis* murmur'd soft applause:
Yet they in pleasing slumber lull'd the sense,
And in sweet madness robb'd it of itself,
But such a sacred, and home-felt delight,
Such sober certainty of waking bliss
I never heard till now. I'll speak to her
And she shall be my queen. Hail foreign wonder
Whom certain these rough shades did never breed
Unless the Goddess that in rural shrine
Dwell'st here with *Pan*, or *Silvan*, by blest song
Forbidding every bleak unkindly fog
To touch the prosperous growth of this tall wood.
La. Nay, gentle Shepherd, ill is lost that praise
That is addrest to unattending ears,
Not any boast of skill, but extreme shift
How to regain my sever'd company
Compell'd me to awake the courteous Echo
To give me answer from her mossy couch.
Co. What chance, good Lady, hath bereft you thus?
La. Dim darkness, and this leafy labyrinth.
Co. Could that divide you from near-ushering guides?
La. They left me weary on a grassy turf.
Co. By falsehood, or discourtesy, or why?
La. To seek i' the valley some cool friendly spring.
Co. And left your fair side all unguarded, Lady?
La. They were but twain, and purpos'd quick return.
Co. Perhaps forestalling night prevented them.
La. How easy my misfortune is to hit!
Co. Imports their loss, beside the present need?
La. No less than if I should my brothers lose.
Co. Were they of manly prime, or youthful bloom?
La. As smooth as *Hebe's* their unrazor'd lips.
Co. Two such I saw, what time the labour'd ox

In his loose traces from the furrow came,
And the swink't hedger at his supper sate;
I saw them under a green mantling vine
That crawls along the side of yon small hill,
Plucking ripe clusters from the tender shoots;
Their port was more than human, as they stood;
I took it for a faëry vision
Of some gay creatures of the element
That in the colours of the rainbow live
And play i' th' plighted clouds. I was awe-struck,
And as I past, I worshipt: if those you seek,
It were a journey like the path to Heav'n,
To help you find them.
La. Gentle villager
What readiest way would bring me to that place?
Co. Due west it rises from this shrubby point.
La. To find out that, good Shepherd, I suppose,
In such a scant allowance of star-light,
Would overtask the best land-pilot's art,
Without the sure guess of well-practis'd feet.
Co. I know each lane, and every alley green
Dingle, or bushy dell of this wild wood,
And every bosky bourn from side to side
My daily walks and ancient neighbourhood,
And if your stray attendance be yet lodg'd,
Or shroud within these limits, I shall know
Ere morrow wake, or the low-roosted lark
From her thatch't pallet rouse, if otherwise
I can conduct you, Lady, to a low
But loyal cottage, where you may be safe
Till further quest.
La. Shepherd I take thy word,
And trust thy honest offer'd courtesy,
Which oft is sooner found in lowly sheds
With smoky rafters, than in tap'stry halls

And courts of princes, where it first was nam'd,
And yet is most pretended. In a place
Less warranted than this, or less secure
I cannot be, that I should fear to change it.
Eye me, blest Providence, and square my trial
To my proportion'd strength. Shepherd lead on. [*Exeunt.*

Enter the two Brothers.

Elder Brother. Unmuffle, ye faint stars, and thou fair Moon
That wontst to love the travellers, benison,
Stoop thy pale visage through an amber cloud,
And disinherit *Chaos*, that reigns here
In double night of darkness, and of shades;
Or if your influence be quite damm'd up
With black usurping mists, some gentle taper,
Though a rush candle from the wicker hole
Of some clay habitation, visit us
With thy long levell'd rule of streaming light,
And thou shalt be our star of *Arcady*,
Or *Tyrian* Cynosure.
Second Brother. Or if our eyes
Be barr'd that happiness, might we but hear
The folded flocks penn'd in their wattled cotes,
Or sound of pastoral reed with oaten stops,
Or whistle from the lodge, or village cock
Count the night watches to his feathery dames,
Twould be some solace yet, some little cheering
In this close dungeon of innumerous boughs.
But O that hapless virgin, our lost sister,
Where may she wander now, whether betake her
From the chill dew, amongst rude burrs and thistles?
Perhaps some cold bank is her bolster now
Or 'gainst the rugged bark of some broad elm
Leans her unpillow'd head fraught with sad fears.
What if in wild amazement, and affright,

Or while we speak within the direful grasp
Of savage hunger, or of savage heat?
Eld. Bro. Peace, brother, be not over-exquisite
To cast the fashion of uncertain evils;
For grant they be so, while they rest unknown,
What need a man forestall his date of grief,
And run to meet what he would most avoid?
Or if they be but false alarms of fear,
How bitter is such self-delusion?
I do not think my sister so to seek,
Or so unprincipl'd in virtue's book,
And the sweet peace that goodness bosoms ever,
As that the single want of light and noise
(Not being in danger, as I trust she is not)
Could stir the constant mood of her calm thoughts,
And put them into mis-becoming plight.
Virtue could see to do what Virtue would
By her own radiant light, though sun and moon
Were in the flat sea sunk. And Wisdom's self
Oft seeks to sweet retired Solitude,
Where with her best nurse Contemplation
She plumes her feathers, and lets grow her wings
That in the various bustle of resort
Were all to-ruffl'd, and sometimes impair'd.
He that has light within his own clear breast
May sit i' the centre, and enjoy bright day,
But he that hides a dark soul and foul thoughts,
Benighted walks under the mid-day sun;
Himself is his own dungeon.
2. *Bro.* 'Tis most true
That musing meditation most affects
The pensive secrecy of desert cell,
Far from the cheerful haunt of men and herds,
And sits as safe as in a senate house,
For who would rob a hermit of his weeds,

His few books, or his beads, or maple dish,
Or do his gray hairs any violence?
But beauty like the fair Hesperian tree
Laden with blooming gold, had need the guard
Of dragon watch with unenchanted eye,
To save her blossoms, and defend her fruit
From the rash hand of bold Incontinence.
You may as well spread out the unsunn'd heaps
Of miser's treasure by an outlaw's den,
And tell me it is safe, as bid me hope
Danger will wink on Opportunity,
And let a single helpless maiden pass
Uninjur'd in this wild surrounding waste.
Of night, or loneliness it recks me not,
I fear the dread events that dog them both,
Lest some ill-greeting touch attempt the person
Of our unowned sister.
Eld. Bro. I do not, brother,
Infer, as if I thought my sister's state
Secure without all doubt, or controversy:
Yet where an equal poise of hope and fear
Does arbitrate th' event, my nature is
That I incline to hope, rather than fear,
And gladly banish squint suspicion.
My sister is not so defenceless left
As you imagine, she has a hidden strength
Which you remember not.
2. *Bro.* What hidden strength,
Unless the strength of Heav'n, if you mean that?
Eld. Bro. I mean that too, but yet a hidden strength
Which if Heav'n gave it, may be term'd her own:
'Tis chastity, my brother, chastity:
She that has that, is clad in complete steel,
And like a quiver'd nymph with arrows keen
May trace huge forests, and unharbour'd heaths,

Infamous hills, and sandy perilous wilds,
Where, through the sacred rays of Chastity,
No savage fierce, bandit, or mountaineer
Will dare to soil her virgin purity.
Yea there, where very desolation dwells
By grots, and caverns shagg'd with horrid shades,
She may pass on with unblench't majesty,
Be it not done in pride, or in presumption.
Some say no evil thing that walks by night
In fog, or fire, by lake, or moorish fen,
Blue meagre hag, or stubborn unlaid ghost,
That breaks his magic chains at *curfeu* time,
No goblin, or swart faëry of the mine,
Hath hurtful power o'er true virginity.
Do ye believe me yet, or shall I call
Antiquity from the old schools of Greece
To testify the arms of Chastity?
Hence had the huntress *Dian* her dread bow,
Fair silver-shafted Queen for ever chaste,
Wherewith she tam'd the brinded lioness
And spotted mountain pard, but set at nought
The frivolous bolt of *Cupid;* gods and men
Fear'd her stern frown, and she was queen o' th' woods.
What was that snaky-headed *Gorgon* shield
That wise *Minerva* wore, unconquer'd virgin,
Wherewith she freez'd her foes to congeal'd stone?
But rigid looks of chaste austerity,
And noble grace that dash't brute violence
With sudden adoration, and blank awe.
So dear to Heav'n is saintly Chastity,
That when a soul is found sincerely so,
A thousand liveried Angels lackey her,
Driving far off each thing of sin and guilt,
And in clear dream and solemn vision
Tell her of things that no gross ear can hear,

Till oft converse with heav'nly habitants
Begin to cast a beam on th' outward shape,
The unpolluted temple of the mind,
And turns it by degrees to the soul's essence,
Till all be made immortal: but when lust
By unchaste looks, loose gestures, and foul talk,
But most by lewd and lavish act of sin,
Lets in defilement to the inward parts,
The soul grows clotted by contagion,
Imbodies, and imbrutes, till she quite lose
The divine property of her first being,
Such are those thick and gloomy shadows damp
Oft seen in charnel vaults, and sepulchres
Lingering, and sitting by a new-made grave,
As loth to leave the body that it lov'd,
And link't itself by carnal sensuality
To a degenerate and degraded state.

2. *Bro.* How charming is divine Philosophy!
Not harsh, and crabbed as dull fools suppose,
But musical as is *Apollo's* lute,
And a perpetual feast of nectar'd sweets,
Where no crude surfeit reigns.

Eld. Bro. List, list, I hear
Some far-off hallo break the silent air.

2. *Bro.* Methought so too; what should it be?

Eld. Bro. For certain
Either some one like us night-founder'd here,
Or else some neighbour wood-man, or at worst,
Some roving robber calling to his fellows.

2. *Bro.* Heav'n keep my sister! Again, again, and near!
Best draw, and stand upon our guard.

Eld. Bro. I'll hallo.
If he be friendly, he comes well, if not,
Defence is a good cause, and Heav'n be for us.

Enter the attendant Spirit habited like a shepherd.

That hallo I should know, what are you? speak;
Come not too near, you fall on iron stakes else.
Spir. What voice is that, my young Lord? speak again.
2. *Bro.* O brother, 'tis my father's shepherd sure.
Eld. Bro. Thyrsis? Whose artful strains have oft delay'd
The huddling brook to hear his madrigal,
And sweeten'd every musk-rose of the dale,
How cam'st thou here, good swain? hath any ram
Slip't from the fold, or young kid lost his dam,
Or straggling wether the pent flock forsook?
How couldst thou find this dark sequester'd nook?
Spir. O my lov'd master's heir, and his next joy,
I came not here on such a trivial toy
As a stray'd ewe, or to pursue the stealth
Of pilfering wolf, not all the fleecy wealth
That doth enrich these downs, is worth a thought
To this my errand, and the care it brought.
But O my virgin Lady, where is she?
How chance she is not in your company?
Eld. Bro. To tell thee sadly, Shepherd, without blame,
Or our neglect, we lost her as we came.
Spir. Ay me unhappy! then my fears are true.
Eld. Bro. What fears, good Thyrsis? Prythee briefly shew.
Spir. I'll tell ye, 'tis not vain or fabulous,
(Though so esteem'd by shallow ignorance)
What the sage Poëts taught by th' heav'nly Muse,
Storied of old in high immortal verse
Of dire *Chimeras* and enchanted isles,
And rifted rocks whose entrance leads to hell,
For such there be, but unbelief is blind.
Within the navel of this hideous wood,
Immur'd in cypress shades a sorcerer dwells
Of *Bacchus* and of *Circe* born, great *Comus*,
Deep skill'd in all his mother's witcheries,

And here to every thirsty wanderer,
By sly enticement gives his baneful cup,
With many murmurs mixt, whose pleasing poison
The visage quite transforms of him that drinks,
And the inglorious likeness of a beast
Fixes instead, unmoulding reason's mintage
Character'd in the face; this have I learnt
Tending my flocks hard by i' th' hilly crofts,
That brow this bottom glade, whence night by night
He and his monstrous rout are heard to howl
Like stabl'd wolves, or tigers at their prey,
Doing abhorred rites to *Hecate*
In their obscured haunts of inmost bowers.
Yet have they many baits, and guileful spells
To inveigle and invite th' unwary sense
Of them that pass unweeting by the way.
This evening late by then the chewing flocks
Had ta'en their supper on the savoury herb
Of knot-grass dew-besprent, and were in fold,
I sate me down to watch upon a bank
With ivy canopied, and interwove
With flaunting honeysuckle, and began
Wrapt in a pleasing fit of melancholy
To meditate my rural minstrelsy,
Till fancy had her fill, but ere a close
The wonted roar was up amidst the woods,
And fill'd the air with barbarous dissonance,
At which I ceas't, and listen'd them a while,
Till an unusual stop of sudden silence
Gave respite to the drowsy frighted steeds
That draw the litter of close-curtain'd sleep.
At last a soft and solemn breathing sound
Rose like a stream of rich distill'd perfumes,
And stole upon the air, that even Silence
Was took ere she was ware, and wish't she might

Deny her nature, and be never more,
Still to be so displac't. I was all ear,
And took in strains that might create a soul
Under the ribs of Death, but O ere long
Too well I did perceive it was the voice
Of my most honour'd Lady, your dear sister.
Amaz'd I stood, harrow'd with grief and fear,
And, O poor hapless Nightingale, thought I,
How sweet thou sing'st, how near the deadly snare!
Then down the lawns I ran with headlong haste
Through paths, and turnings oft'n trod by day,
Till guided by mine ear I found the place
Where that damn'd wizard hid in sly disguise
(For so by certain signs I knew) had met
Already, ere my best speed could prevent,
The aidless innocent Lady his wish't prey,
Who gently ask't if he had seen such two,
Supposing him some neighbour villager;
Longer I durst not stay, but soon I guesst
Ye were the two she meant, with that I sprung
Into swift flight, till I had found you here,
But further know I not.

2. *Bro.* O night and shades,
How are ye join'd with hell in triple knot
Against th' unarmed weakness of one virgin
Alone, and helpless! Is this the confidence
You gave me, Brother?

Eld. Bro. Yes, and keep it still,
Lean on it safely, not a period
Shall be unsaid for me: against the threats
Of malice or of sorcery, or that power
Which erring men call Chance, this I hold firm,
Virtue may be assail'd, but never hurt,
Surpris'd by unjust force, but not enthrall'd,
Yea even that which mischief meant most harm,

Shall in the happy trial prove most glory.
But evil on itself shall back recoil,
And mix no more with goodness, when at last
Gather'd like scum, and settl'd to itself
It shall be in eternal restless change
Self-fed, and self-consumed, if this fail,
The pillar'd firmament is rottenness,
And earth's base built on stubble. But, come, let's on.
Against th' opposing will and arm of Heav'n
May never this just sword be lifted up,
But for that damn'd magician, let him be girt
With all the grisly legions that troop
Under the sooty flag of *Acheron*,
Harpies and *Hydras*, or all the monstrous forms
'Twixt *Africa* and *Ind*, I'll find him out,
And force him to restore his purchase back,
Or drag him by the curls, to a foul death,
Curs'd as his life.
Spir. Alas, good vent'rous youth,
I love thy courage yet, and bold emprise,
But here thy sword can do thee little stead,
Far other arms, and other weapons must
Be those that quell the might of hellish charms,
He with his bare wand can unthred thy joints,
And crumble all thy sinews.
Eld. Bro. Why, prythee, Shepherd,
How durst thou then thyself approach so near
As to make this relation?
Spir. Care and utmost shifts
How to secure the Lady from surprisal,
Brought to my mind a certain shepherd lad
Of small regard to see to, yet well skill'd
In every virtuous plant and healing herb
That spreads her verdant leaf to th' morning ray,
He lov'd me well, and oft would beg me sing,

Which when I did, he on the tender grass
Would sit, and hearken even to extasy,
And in requital ope his leathern scrip,
And shew me simples of a thousand names
Telling their strange and vigorous faculties;
Amongst the rest a small unsightly root,
But of divine effect, he cull'd me out;
The leaf was darkish, and had prickles on it,
But in another country, as he said,
Bore a bright golden flower, but not in this soil:
Unknown, and like esteem'd, and the dull swain
Treads on it daily with his clouted shoon,
And yet more med'cinal is it then that *Moly*
That *Hermes* once to wise *Ulysses* gave;
He call'd it *Hæmony*, and gave it me,
And bade me keep it as of sovran use
'Gainst all enchantments, mildew blast, or damp
Or ghastly Fury's apparition;
I purst it up, but little reck'ning made,
Till now that this extremity compell'd.
But now I find it true; for by this means
I knew the foul enchanter though disguis'd,
Enter'd the very lime-twigs of his spells,
And yet came off: if you have this about you
(As I will give you when we go) you may
Boldly assault the necromancer's hall;
Where if he be, with dauntless hardihood,
And brandisht blade rush on him, break his glass,
And shed the luscious liquor on the ground,
But seize his wand, though he and his curst crew
Fierce sign of battle make, and menace high,
Or like the sons of *Vulcan* vomit smoke,
Yet will they soon retire, if he but shrink.

Eld. Bro. Thyrsis, lead on apace, I'll follow thee,
And some good angel bear a shield before us.

The Scene changes to a stately Palace, set out with all manner of deliciousness; soft Musick. Tables spread with all dainties. COMUS *appears with his rabble, and the* LADY *set in an enchanted Chair, to whom he offers his Glass, which she puts by, and goes about to rise.*

Comus. Nay, Lady, sit; if I but wave this wand,
Your nerves are all chain'd up in Alablaster,
And you a statue; or as *Daphne* was
Root-bound, that fled *Apollo.*
La. Fool, do not boast.
Thou canst not touch the freedom of my mind
With all thy charms, although this corporal rind
Thou hast immanacl'd, while Heav'n sees good.
Co. Why are you vext, Lady? why do you frown?
Here dwell no frowns, nor anger, from these gates
Sorrow flies far: See here be all the pleasures
That fancy can beget on youthful thoughts,
When the fresh blood grows lively, and returns
Brisk as the *April* buds in primrose-season.
And first behold this cordial julep here
That flames, and dances in his crystal bounds
With spirits of balm, and fragrant syrups mixt.
Not that *Nepenthes* which the wife of *Thone,*
In *Egypt* gave to *Jove*-born *Helena*
Is of such power to stir up joy as this,
To life so friendly, or so cool to thirst.
Why should you be so cruel to yourself,
And to those dainty limbs which nature lent
For gentle usage, and soft delicacy?
But you invert the cov'nants of her trust,
And harshly deal like an ill borrower
With that which you receiv'd on other terms,
Scorning the unexempt condition
By which all mortal frailty must subsist,
Refreshment after toil, ease after pain,

That have been tir'd all day without repast,
And timely rest have wanted, but, fair Virgin,
This will restore all soon.
La. 'Twill not, false traitor,
'Twill not restore the truth and honesty
That thou hast banish't from thy tongue with lies.
Was this the cottage, and the safe abode
Thou told'st me of? What grim aspects are these,
These oughly-headed Monsters? Mercy guard me!
Hence with thy brew'd enchantments, foul deceiver,
Hast thou betray'd my credulous innocence
With visor'd falshood, and base forgery,
And wouldst thou seek again to trap me here
With lickerish baits fit to ensnare a brute?
Were it a draught for *Juno* when she banquets,
I would not taste thy treasonous offer; none
But such as are good men can give good things,
And that which is not good, is not delicious
To a well-govern'd and wise appetite.
Co. O foolishness of men! that lend their ears
To those budge doctors of the *Stoic* fur,
And fetch their precepts from the *Cynic* tub,
Praising the lean and sallow Abstinence.
Wherefore did Nature pour her bounties forth,
With such a full and unwithdrawing hand,
Covering the earth with odours, fruits, and flocks,
Thronging the seas with spawn innumerable,
But all to please, and sate the curious taste?
And set to work millions of spinning worms,
That in their green shops weave the smooth-hair'd silk
To deck her sons, and that no corner might
Be vacant of her plenty, in her own loins
She hutch't th' all-worshipt ore, and precious gems
To store her children with; if all the world
Should in a pet of temperance feed on pulse,

Drink the clear stream, and nothing wear but frieze,
Th' All-giver would be unthank't, would be unprais'd,
Not half his riches known, and yet despis'd,
And we should serve him as a grudging master,
As a penurious niggard of his wealth,
And live like Nature's bastards, not her sons,
Who would be quite surcharged with her own weight,
And strangl'd with her waste fertility;
Th' earth cumber'd, and the wing'd air dark't with plumes,
The herds would over-multitude their lords,
The sea o'erfraught would swell, and th 'unsought diamonds
Would so emblaze the forehead of the deep,
And so bestud with stars, that they below
Would grow inur'd to light, and come at last
To gaze upon the sun with shameless brows.
List, Lady, be not coy, and be not cozen'd
With that same vaunted name Virginity.
Beauty is nature's coin, must not be hoarded,
But must be current, and the good thereof
Consists in mutual and partak'n bliss,
Unsavoury in th' enjoyment of itself.
If you let slip time, like a neglected rose
It withers on the stalk with languish't head.
Beauty is nature's brag, and must be shown
In courts, at feasts, and high solemnities
Where most may wonder at the workmanship;
It is for homely features to keep home,
They had their name thence; coarse complexions
And cheeks of sorry grain will serve to ply
The sampler, and to teaze the housewife's wool.
What need a vermeil-tinctured lip for that
Love-darting eyes, or tresses like the morn?
There was another meaning in these gifts,
Think what, and be advis'd, you are but young yet.

La I had not thought to have unlockt my lips

In this unhallow'd air, but that this juggler
Would think to charm my judgment, as mine eyes,
Obtruding false rules prankt in reason's garb.
I hate when vice can bolt her arguments,
And virtue has no tongue to check her pride:
Impostor! do not charge most innocent Nature,
As if she would her children should be riotous
With her abundance. She, good cateress
Means her provision only to the good
That live according to her sober laws,
And holy dictate of spare Temperance:
If every just man that now pines with want
Had but a moderate and beseeming share
Of that which lewdly-pamper'd Luxury
Now heaps upon some few with vast excess,
Nature's full blessings would be well dispens't
In unsuperfluous even proportion,
And she no whit encumber'd with her store,
And then the giver would be better thank't,
His praise due paid. For swinish gluttony
Ne'er looks to Heav'n amidst his gorgeous feast,
But with besotted base ingratitude
Crams, and blasphemes his feeder. Shall I go on?
Or have I said enough? To him that dares
Arm his profane tongue with contemptuous words
Against the sun-clad power of Chastity,
Fain would I something say, yet to what end?
Thou hast nor ear nor soul to apprehend
The sublime notion and high mystery
That must be utter'd to unfold the sage
And serious doctrine of virginity,
And thou art worthy that thou shouldst not know
More happiness than this thy present lot.
Enjoy your dear wit, and gay rhetoric
That hath so well been taught her dazzling fence,

Thou art not fit to hear thyself convinc't;
Yet should I try, the uncontrolled worth
Of this pure cause would kindle my rapt spirits
To such a flame of sacred vehemence,
That dumb things would be mov'd to sympathise,
And the brute Earth would lend her nerves, and shake,
Till all thy magic structures rear'd so high,
Were shatter'd into heaps o'er thy false head.
Co. She fables not, I feel that I do fear
Her words set off by some superior power;
And though not mortal, yet a cold shudd'ring dew
Dips me all o'er, as when the wrath of *Jove*
Speaks thunder, and the chains of *Erebus*
To some of *Saturn's* crew. I must dissemble,
And try her yet more strongly. Come, no more,
This is mere moral babble, and direct
Against the canon laws of our foundation;
I must not suffer this, yet 'tis but the lees
And settlings of a melancholy blood;
But this will cure all straight, one sip of this
Will bathe the drooping spirits in delight
Beyond the bliss of dreams. Be wise, and taste.—

The BROTHERS *rush in with swords drawn, wrest his Glass out of his hand, and break it against the ground; his rout make sign of resistance, but are all driven in; The attendant* SPIRIT *comes in.*

Spir. What, have you let the false enchanter scape?
O ye mistook, ye should have snatcht his wand
And bound him fast; without his rod revers't,
And backward mutters of dissevering power,
We cannot free the Lady that sits here
In stony fetters fixt, and motionless;
Yet stay, be not disturb'd, now I bethink me,
Some other means I have, which may be us'd,

Which once of *Melibœus* old I learnt
The soothest Shepherd that ere pip't on plains.
There is a gentle Nymph not far from hence,
That with moist curb sways the smooth Severn stream,
Sabrina is her name, a virgin pure,
Whilom she was the daughter of *Locrine*,
That had the Sceptre from his father *Brute*.
The guiltless damsel flying the mad pursuit
Of her enraged stepdam *Guendolen*,
Commended her fair innocence to the flood
That stay'd her flight with his cross-flowing course.
The water Nymphs that in the bottom play'd,
Held up their pearled wrists and took her in,
Bearing her straight to aged *Nereus'* hall,
Who piteous of her woes, rear'd her lank head,
And gave her to his daughters to imbathe
In nectar'd lavers strew'd with asphodel,
And through the porch and inlet of each sense
Dropt in ambrosial oils till she reviv'd,
And underwent a quick immortal change
Made Goddess of the River; still she retains
Her maiden gentleness, and oft at eve
Visits the herds along the twilight meadows,
Helping all urchin blasts, and ill-luck signs
That the shrewd meddling Elf delights to make,
Which she with precious-vial'd liquors heals.
For which the Shepherds at their festivals
Carol her goodness loud in rustic lays,
And throw sweet garland wreaths into her stream
Of pansies, pinks, and gaudy daffodils.
And, as the old swain said, she can unlock
The clasping charm, and thaw the numbing spell,
If she be right invok't in warbled song,
For maid'nhood she loves, and will be swift
To aid a virgin, such as was her self

In hard besetting need, this will I try
And add the power of some adjuring verse.

SONG.

Sabrina fair,
Listen where thou art sitting
Under the glassy, cool, translucent wave,
In twisted braids of lilies knitting
The loose train of thy amber-dropping hair,
Listen for dear honour's sake,
Goddess of the silver lake,
Listen and save!

Listen and appear to us
In name of great *Oceanus,*
By the earth-shaking *Neptune's* mace,
And *Tethys* grave majestic pace,
By hoary *Nereus'* wrinkled look,
And the *Carpathian* wisard's hook,
By scaly *Triton's* winding shell,
And old sooth-saying *Glaucus'* spell,
By *Leucothea's* lovely hands,
And her son that rules the strands,
By *Thetis'* tinsel-slipper'd feet,
And the Songs of *Sirens* sweet,
By dead *Parthenope's* dear tomb,
And fair *Ligea's* golden comb,
Wherewith she sits on diamond rocks
Sleeking her soft alluring locks,
By all the *Nymphs* that nightly dance
Upon thy streams with wily glance,
Rise, rise, and heave thy rosy head
From thy coral-pav'n bed,
And bridle in thy headlong wave,
Till thou our summons answered have.
Listen and save!

SABRINA *rises, attended by* Water-Nymphs, *and sings.*

By the rushy-fringed bank,
Where grows the willow and the osier dank,
My sliding chariot stays,
Thick set with agate, and the azurn sheen
Of turkis blue, and Em'rald green
That in the channel strays,
Whilst from off the waters fleet
Thus I set my printless feet
O'er the cowslip's velvet head,
That bends not as I tread,
Gentle swain, at thy request,
I am here.

Spir. Goddess dear,
We implore thy powerful hand
To undo the charmed band
Of true Virgin here distrest,
Through the force, and through the wile
Of unblest enchanter vile.
Sab. Shepherd, 'tis my office best
To help ensnared chastity;
Brightest Lady, look on me,
Thus I sprinkle on thy breast
Drops that from my fountain pure,
I have kept of precious cure,
Thrice upon thy finger's tip,
Thrice upon thy rubied lip,
Next this marble venom'd seat
Smear'd with gums of glutinous heat
I touch with chaste palms moist and cold,
Now the spell hath lost his hold;
And I must haste ere morning hour
To wait in *Amphitrite's* bow'r.

SABRINA *descends, and the* LADY *rises out of her seat.*

Spir. Virgin, daughter of *Locrine*,
Sprung of old *Anchise's* line,
May thy brimmed waves for this
Their full tribute never miss
From a thousand petty rills,
That tumble down the snowy hills:
Summer drouth, or singed air
Never scorch thy tresses fair,
Nor wet *October's* torrent flood
Thy molten crystal fill with mud,
May thy billows roll ashore
The beryl, and the golden ore,
May thy lofty head be crown'd
With many a tower and terrace round,
And here and there thy banks upon
With groves of myrrh, and cinnamon.
Come, Lady, while Heaven lends us grace,
Let us fly this cursed place,
Lest the Sorcerer us entice
With some other new device.
Not a waste, or needless sound
Till we come to holier ground,
I shall be your faithful guide
Through this gloomy covert wide,
And not many furlongs thence
Is your father's residence,
Where this night are met in state
Many a friend to gratulate
His wish't presence, and beside
All the swains that there abide,
With jigs, and rural dance resort,
We shall catch them at their sport,
And our sudden coming there
Will double all their mirth and cheer;

Come, let us haste, the stars grow high,
But night sits monarch yet in the mid sky.

The Scene changes, presenting Ludlow Town and the President's Castle; then come in COUNTRY-DANCERS, *after them the attendant* SPIRIT, *with the two* BROTHERS *and the* LADY.

SONG.

Spir. *Back, Shepherds, back, enough your play,*
Till next sunshine holiday,
Here be without duck or nod
Other trippings to be trod
Of lighter toes, and such court guise
As Mercury *did first devise*
With the mincing Dryades
On the Lawns, and on the Leas.

This second Song presents them to their father and mother.

Noble Lord, and Lady bright,
I have brought ye new delight,
Here behold so goodly grown
Three fair branches of your own,
Heav'n hath timely tri'd their youth,
Their faith, their patience, and their truth.
And sent them here through hard assays
With a crown of deathless praise,
To triumph in victorious dance
O'er sensual folly, and intemperance.

The dances ended, the SPIRIT *epiloguizes.*

Spir. To the Ocean now I fly,
And those happy climes that lie
Where day never shuts his eye,
Up in the broad fields of the sky:
There I suck the liquid air
All amidst the Gardens fair

Of *Hesperus*, and his daughters three
That sing about the golden tree :
Along the crisped shades and bowers
Revels the spruce and jocund Spring,
The Graces, and the rosie-bosom'd Hours,
Thither all their bounties bring,
That there eternal Summer dwells,
And West winds, with musky wing
About the cedarn alleys fling
Nard, and *Cassia's* balmy smells.
Iris there with humid bow,
Waters the odorous banks that blow
Flowers of more mingled hue
Than her purfl'd scarf can shew,
And drenches with *Elysian* dew
(List mortals, if your ears be true)
Beds of *Hyacinth*, and roses
Where young *Adonis* oft reposes,
Waxing well of his deep wound
In slumber soft, and on the ground
Sadly sits th' *Assyrian* Queen ;
But far above in spangled sheen
Celestial *Cupid*, her fam'd son, advanc't,
Holds his dear *Psyche* sweet intranc't
After her wand'ring labours long,
Till free consent the gods among
Make her his eternal Bride,
And from her fair unspotted side
Two blissful twins are to be born,
Youth and Joy ; so *Jove* hath sworn.
But now my task is smoothly done,
I can fly, or I can run
Quickly to the green earth's end,
Where the bow'd welkin slow doth bend,

And from thence can soar as soon
To the corners of the Moon.
Mortals that would follow me,
Love virtue, she alone is free,
She can teach ye how to climb
Higher then the Sphery chime;
Or if Virtue feeble were,
Heav'n itself would stoop to her.

IV.

MILTON.

PARADISE LOST.

(Book VI.)

The Argument.—Raphael continues to relate how Michael and Gabriel were sent forth to Battle against Satan and his Angels. The first Fight described: Satan and his Powers retire under Night: He calls a Council, invents devilish Engines, which in the second day's Fight put Michael and his Angels to some disorder; But they at length pulling up Mountains overwhelmed both the force and Machines of Satan: Yet the Tumult not so ending, God on the third day sends Messiah his Son, for whom he had reserved the glory of that Victory: He in the power of his Father coming to the place, and causing all his Legions to stand still on either side, with his Chariot and Thunder driving into the midst of his Enemies, pursues them, unable to resist, towards the wall of Heaven; which opening, they leap down with horror and confusion into the place of punishment prepared for them in the Deep: Messiah returns with triumph to his Father.

All night the dreadless Angel unpursu'd
Through Heav'n's wide champaign held his way, till Morn
Wak't by the circling Hours, with rosy hand
Unbarr'd the gates of light. There is a cave
Within the Mount of God, fast by his throne,
Where light and darkness in perpetual round
Lodge and dislodge by turns, which makes through Heav'n
Grateful vicissitude, like day and night;
Light issues forth, and at the other door

Obsequious darkness enters, till her hour
To veil the Heav'n, though darkness there might well
Seem twilight here; and now went forth the morn,
Such as in highest Heav'n, array'd in gold
Empyreal; from before her vanisht night,
Shot through with orient beams: when all the plain
Cover'd with thick embattled squadrons bright,
Chariots and flaming arms, and fiery steeds
Reflecting blaze on blaze, first met his view:
War he perceiv'd, war in procinct, and found
Already known what he for news had thought
To have reported: gladly then he mixt
Among those friendly Powers who him receiv'd
With joy and acclamations loud, that one
That of so many myriads fall'n, yet one
Return'd not lost: on to the sacred hill
They led him high applauded, and present
Before the seat supreme; from whence a voice
From midst a golden cloud thus mild was heard.
  Servant of God, well done, well hast thou fought
The better fight, who single hast maintain'd
Against revolted multitudes the cause
Of truth, in word mightier than they in arms;
And for the testimony of truth hast borne
Universal reproach, far worse to bear
Than violence: for this was all thy care
To stand approv'd in sight of God, though worlds
Judg'd thee perverse: the easier conquest now
Remains thee, aided by this host of friends,
Back on thy foes more glorious to return
Than scorn'd thou didst depart, and to subdue
By force, who reason for their law refuse,
Right reason for their law, and for their king
Messiah, who by right of merit reigns.
Go, *Michael*, of celestial armies prince,

And thou in military prowess next
Gabriel, lead forth to battle these my sons
Invincible, lead forth my armed saints
By thousands and by millions rang'd for fight,
Equal in number to that godless crew
Rebellious: them with fire and hostile arms
Fearless assault, and to the brow of Heav'n
Pursuing drive them out from God and bliss,
Into their place of punishment, the gulf
Of *Tartarus*, which ready opens wide
His fiery *Chaos* to receive their fall.
So spake the sovran voice, and clouds began
To darken all the hill, and smoke to roll
In dusky wreaths reluctant flames, the sign
Of wrath awak't: nor with less dread the loud
Ethereal trumpet from on high gan blow:
At which command the powers militant,
That stood for Heav'n, in mighty quadrate join'd
Of union irresistible, mov'd on
In silence their bright legions, to the sound
Of instrumental harmony that breath'd
Heroic ardour to advent'rous deeds
Under their god-like leaders, in the cause
Of God and his *Messiah*. On they move
Indissolubly firm; nor obvious hill,
Nor strait'ning vale, nor wood, nor stream divides
Their perfect ranks; for high above the ground
Their march was, and the passive air upbore
Their nimble tread; as when the total kind
Of birds in orderly array on wing
Came summon'd over *Eden* to receive
Their names of thee; so over many a tract
Of Heav'n they march'd, and many a province wide
Tenfold the length of this terrene: at last
Far in th' horizon to the north appear'd

From skirt to skirt a fiery region, stretcht
In battailous aspect, and nearer view
Bristl'd with upright beams innumerable
Of rigid spears, and helmets throng'd, and shields
Various, with boastful Argument portray'd,
The banded powers of *Satan* hasting on
With furious expedition ; for they ween'd
That self-same day by fight, or by surprise
To win the mount of God, and on his throne
To set the envier of his state, the proud
Aspirer, but their thoughts prov'd fond and vain
In the mid way : though strange to us it seem'd
At first, that Angel should with Angel war,
And in fierce hosting meet, who wont to meet
So oft in festivals of joy and love
Unanimous, as sons of one great Sire
Hymning th' Eternal Father : but the shout
Of battle now began, and rushing sound
Of onset ended soon each milder thought.
High in the midst exalted as a God
Th' apostate in his Sun-bright Chariot sate
Idol of majesty divine, enclos'd
With flaming cherubim, and golden shields ;
Then lighted from his gorgeous throne, for now
'Twixt Host and Host but narrow space was left,
A dreadful interval, and front to front
Presented stood in terrible array
Of hideous length : before the cloudy van,
On the rough edge of battle ere it join'd,
Satan with vast and haughty strides advanc't,
Came tow'ring, arm'd in adamant and gold ;
Abdiel that sight endur'd not, where he stood
Among the mightiest, bent on highest deeds,
And thus his own undaunted heart explores.

O Heav'n ! that such resemblance of the Highest

Should yet remain, where faith and realty
Remain not; wherefore should not strength and might
There fail where virtue fails, or weakest prove
Where boldest; though to sight unconquerable?
His puissance, trusting in th' Almighty's aid,
I mean to try, whose reason I have tri'd
Unsound and false; nor is it aught but just,
That he who in debate of truth hath won,
Should win in arms, in both disputes alike
Victor; though brutish that contest and foul,
When reason hath to deal with force, yet so
Most reason is that reason overcome.
So pondering, and from his armed peers
Forth stepping opposite, half-way he met
His daring foe, at this prevention more
Incens't, and thus securely him defi'd.
Proud, art thou met? thy hope was to have reacht
The height of thy aspiring unoppos'd,
The throne of God unguarded, and his side
Abandon'd at the terror of thy power
Or potent tongue; fool, not to think how vain
Against th' Omnipotent to rise in arms;
Who out of smallest things could without end
Have rais'd incessant armies to defeat
Thy folly; or with solitary hand
Reaching beyond all limit, at one blow
Unaided could have finisht thee, and whelm'd
Thy legions under darkness; but thou seest
All are not of thy train; there be who faith
Prefer, and piety to God, though then
To thee not visible, when I alone
Seemed in thy world erroneous to dissent
From all: my sect thou seest, now learn too late
How few sometimes may know, when thousands err,
Whom the grand foe, with scornful eye askance,

Thus answer'd. Ill for thee, but in wisht hour
Of my revenge, first sought for thou return'st
From flight, seditious Angel, to receive
Thy merited reward, the first assay
Of this right hand provok't, since first that tongue
Inspir'd with contradiction durst oppose
A third part of the gods, in synod met
Their deities to assert, who while they feel
Vigour divine within them, can allow
Omnipotence to none. But well thou comst
Before thy fellows, ambitious to win
From me some plume, that thy success may show
Destruction to the rest: this pause between
(Unanswer'd lest thou boast) to let thee know;
At first I thought that liberty and Heav'n
To heav'nly souls had been all one; but now
I see that most through sloth had rather serve,
Minist'ring spirits, trained up in feast and song;
Such hast thou arm'd, the minstrelsy of Heav'n,
Servility with freedom to contend,
As both their deeds compar'd this day shall prove.
To whom in brief thus *Abdiel* stern repli'd.
Apostate still thou err'st, nor end wilt find
Of erring, from the path of truth remote:
Unjustly thou deprav'st it with the name
Of *Servitude* to serve whom God ordains,
Or Nature; God and Nature bid the same,
When he who rules is worthiest, and excels
Them whom he governs. This is servitude,
To serve th' unwise, or him who hath rebell'd
Against his worthier, as thine now serve thee,
Thy self not free, but to thy self enthrall'd;
Yet lewdly dar'st our minist'ring upbraid.
Reign thou in hell thy kingdom, let me serve
In Heav'n God ever blest, and his divine

Behests obey, worthiest to be obey'd,
Yet chains in hell, not realms expect: meanwhile
From me return'd, as erst thou saidst, from flight,
This greeting on thy impious crest receive.
So saying, a noble stroke he lifted high,
Which hung not, but so swift with tempest fell
On the proud crest of *Satan*, that no sight,
Nor motion of swift thought, less could his shield
Such ruin intercept: ten paces huge
He back recoil'd; the tenth on bended knee
His massy spear upstaid; as if on earth
Winds under ground or waters forcing way
Sidelong, had pusht a mountain from his seat
Half sunk with all his pines. Amazement seiz'd
The rebel thrones, but greater rage to see
Thus foil'd their mightiest: ours joy fill'd, and shout,
Presage of victory and fierce desire
Of battle: whereat *Michael* bid sound
Th' arch-angel trumpet; through the vast of heav'n
It sounded, and the faithful armies rung
Hosanna to the Highest: nor stood at gaze
The adverse legions, nor less hideous join'd
The horrid shock: now storming fury rose,
And clamour such as heard in Heav'n till now
Was never, arms on armour clashing bray'd
Horrible discord, and the madding wheels
Of brazen chariots rag'd; dire was the noise
Of conflict; over head the dismal hiss
Of fiery darts in flaming volleys flew,
And flying vaulted either host with fire.
So under fiery cope together rush'd
Both battles main, with ruinous assault
And inextinguishable rage; all Heav'n
Resounded, and had earth been then, all earth
Had to her centre shook. What wonder? when

Millions of fierce encount'ring angels fought
On either side, the least of whom could wield
These elements, and arm him with the force
Of all their regions: how much more of power
Army against army numberless to raise
Dreadful combustion warring, and disturb,
Though not destroy, their happy native seat;
Had not th' Eternal King omnipotent
From his strong hold of Heav'n high over-rul'd
And limited their might; though number'd such
As each divided legion might have seem'd
A numerous host, in strength each armed hand
A legion; led in fight, yet leader seem'd
Each warrior single as in chief, expert
When to advance or stand, or turn the sway
Of battle, open when, and when to close
The ridges of grim war; no thought of flight,
None of retreat, no unbecoming deed
That argu'd fear; each on himself reli'd,
As only in his arm the moment lay
Of victory; deeds of eternal fame
Were done, but infinite: for wide was spread
That War and various; sometimes on firm ground
A standing fight, then soaring on main wing
Tormented all the air; all air seem'd then
Conflicting fire: long time in even scale
The battle hung; till *Satan*, who that day
Prodigious power had shewn, and met in arms
No equal, ranging through the dire attack
Of fighting seraphim confus'd, at length
Saw where the sword of *Michael* smote, and fell'd
Squadrons at once, with huge two-handed sway
Brandisht aloft the horrid edge came down
Wide wasting; such destruction to withstand
He hasted, and oppos'd the rocky orb

Of tenfold adamant, his ample shield
A vast circumference: At his approach
The great arch-angel from his warlike toil
Surceas'd, and glad as hoping here to end
Intestine war in Heav'n, the arch foe subdu'd
Or captive dragg'd in chains, with hostile frown
And visage all enflam'd first thus began.
  Author of evil, unknown till thy revolt,
Unnam'd in Heav'n, now plenteous, as thou seest
These acts of hateful strife, hateful to all,
Though heaviest by just measure on thy self
And thy adherents: how hast thou disturb'd
Heav'n's blessed peace, and into nature brought
Misery, uncreated till the crime
Of thy rebellion? how hast thou instill'd
Thy malice into thousands, once upright
And faithful, now prov'd false. But think not here
To trouble holy rest; Heav'n casts thee out
From all her confines. Heav'n the seat of bliss
Brooks not the works of violence and war.
Hence then, and evil go with thee along
Thy offspring, to the place of evil, hell,
Thou and thy wicked crew; there mingle broils,
Ere this avenging sword begin thy doom,
Or some more sudden vengeance wing'd from God
Precipitate thee with augmented pain.
  So spake the Prince of Angels; to whom thus
The Adversary. Nor think thou with wind
Of airy threats to awe whom yet with deeds
Thou canst not. Hast thou turn'd the least of these
To flight, or if to fall, but that they rise
Unvanquisht, easier to transact with me
That thou shouldst hope, imperious, and with threats
To chase me hence? err not that so shall end
The strife which thou call'st evil, but we style

The strife of Glory: which we mean to win,
Or turn this Heav'n itself into the hell
Thou fablest, here however to dwell free,
If not to reign: meanwhile thy utmost force,
And join him nam'd *Almighty* to thy aid,
I fly not, but have sought thee far and nigh.
They ended parle, and both addrest for fight
Unspeakable; for who, though with the tongue
Of angels, can relate, or to what things
Liken on earth conspicuous, that may lift
Human imagination to such height
Of godlike power: for likest gods they seemed,
Stood they or mov'd, in stature, motion, arms,
Fit to decide the empire of great Heav'n.
Now wav'd thir fiery swords, and in the air
Made horrid circles; two broad suns their shields
Blaz'd opposite, while expectation stood
In horror; from each hand with speed retir'd
Where erst was thickest fight, th' angelic throng
And left large field unsafe within the wind
Of such commotion; such as, to set forth
Great things by small, if nature's concord broke,
Among the constellations war were sprung,
Two planets rushing from aspect malign
Of fiercest opposition in mid sky,
Should combat, and their jarring Spheres confound.
Together both, with next to almightie arm
Uplifted imminent, one stroke they aim'd
That might determine, and not need repeat,
As not of power, at once; nor odds appear'd
In might or swift prevention; but the sword
Of *Michael* from the armoury of God
Was giv'n him temper'd so, that neither keen
Nor solid might resist that edge: it met
The sword of *Satan* with steep force to smite

Descending, and in half cut sheer, nor stay'd,
But with swift wheel reverse, deep ent'ring shar'd
All his right side; then *Satan* first knew pain,
And writh'd him to and fro convolv'd; so sore
The griding sword with discontinuous wound
Pass'd through him, but th' ethereal substance clos'd
Not long divisible, and from the gash
A stream of nectarous humour issuing flow'd
Sanguine such as celestial spirits may bleed,
And all his armour stain'd, erewhile so bright.
Forthwith on all sides to his aid was run
By angels many and strong, who interposed
Defence, while others bore him on their shields
Back to his chariot; where it stood retir'd
From off the files of war: there they him laid
Gnashing for anguish and despite and shame
To find himself not matchless, and his pride
Humbl'd by such rebuke, so far beneath
His confidence to equal God in power.
Yet soon he heal'd; for spirits that live throughout
Vital in every part, not as frail man
In entrails, heart or head, liver or reins,
Cannot but by annihilating die;
Nor in their liquid texture mortal wound
Receive, no more than can the fluid Air:
All heart they live, all head, all eye, all ear,
All intellect, all sense, and as they please,
They limb themselves, and colour, shape or size
Assume, as likes them best, condense or rare.
Meanwhile in other parts like deeds deserv'd
Memorial, where the might of *Gabriel* fought,
And with fierce ensigns pierc'd the deep array
Of *Moloch*, furious King, who him defi'd,
And at his Chariot wheels to drag him bound
Threaten'd, nor from the Holy One of Heav'n

Refrain'd his tongue blasphemous; but anon
Down clov'n to the waist, with shatter'd arms
And uncouth pain fled bellowing. On each wing
Uriel and *Raphael* his vaunting foe,
Though huge, and in a rock of diamond arm'd,
Vanquish'd *Adramelech*, and *Asmodai*,
Two potent thrones, that to be less than gods
Disdain'd, but meaner thoughts learn'd in their flight,
Mangl'd with gastly wounds through plate and mail.
Nor stood unmindful *Abdiel* to annoy
The Atheist crew, but with redoubl'd blow
Ariel and *Arioc*, and the violence
Of *Ramiel* scorcht and blasted overthrew.
I might relate of thousands, and their names
Eternise here on earth; but those elect
Angels contented with their fame in Heav'n
Seek not the praise of men; the other sort
In might though wondrous and in acts of war
Nor of renown less eager, yet by doom
Cancel'd from Heav'n and sacred memory,
Nameless in dark oblivion let them dwell.
For strength from truth divided and from just,
Illaudable, naught merits but dispraise
And ignominy, yet to glory aspires
Vainglorious, and through infamy seeks fame:
Therefore Eternal silence be their doom.
And now their mightiest quell'd, the battle swerv'd,
With many an inroad gor'd; deformed rout
Enter'd, and foul disorder; all the ground
With shiver'd armour strown, and on a heap
Chariot and charioteer lay overturn'd
And fiery foaming steeds; what stood, recoil'd
O'erwearied, through the faint satanic host
Defensive scarce, or with pale fear surpris'd,
Then first with fear surpris'd and sense of pain

Fled ignominious, to such evil brought
By sin of disobedience, till that hour
Not liable to fear or flight or pain.
Far otherwise th' inviolable saints
In cubic phalanx firm advanc't entire,
Invulnerable, impenetrably arm'd:
Such high advantages their innocence
Gave them above their foes, not to have sinn'd,
Not to have disobey'd; in fight they stood
Unwearied, unobnoxious to be pain'd
By wound, though from their place by violence mov'd.
Now Night her course began, and over Heav'n
Inducing darkness, grateful truce impos'd,
And silence on the odious din of war:
Under her cloudy covert both retir'd,
Victor and vanquisht: on the foughten field
Michael and his Angels prevalent
Encamping, plac'd in guard their watches round,
Cherubic waving fires: on th' other part
Satan with his rebellious disappear'd,
Far in the dark dislodg'd, and void of rest,
His potentates to council call'd by night;
And in the midst thus undismay'd began.
O now in danger tri'd, now known in arms
Not to be overpower'd, companions dear,
Found worthy not of liberty alone,
Too mean pretence, but what we more affect
Honour, dominion, glory, and renown,
Who have sustain'd one day in doubtful fight,
(And if one day, why not eternal days?)
What Heaven's Lord had powerfullest to send
Against us from about his throne, and judg'd
Sufficient to subdue us to his will,
But proves not so: then fallible, it seems,
Of future we may deem him, though till now

Omniscient thought. True is, less firmly arm'd,
Some disadvantage we endur'd and pain,
Till now not known, but known, as soon contemn'd,
Since now we find this our empyreal form
Incapable of mortal injury,
Imperishable, and though pierc'd with wound,
Soon closing, and by native vigour heal'd.
Of evil then so small as easy think
The remedy; perhaps more valid arms,
Weapons more violent, when next we meet,
May serve to better us, and worse our foes,
Or equal what between us made the odds,
In nature none: if other hidden cause
Left them superior, while we can preserve
Unhurt our minds, and understanding sound,
Due search and consultation will disclose.
He sat; and in th' assembly next upstood
Nisroch, of Principalities the prime;
As one he stood escap't from cruel fight,
Sore toil'd, his riv'n arms to havoc hewn,
And cloudy in aspect thus answering spake:
Deliverer from new lords, leader to free
Enjoyment of our right as gods; yet hard
For gods, and too unequal work we find
Against unequal arms to fight in pain,
Against unpain'd, impassive; from which evil
Ruin must needs ensue; for what avails
Valour or strength, though matchless, quell'd with pain
Which all subdues, and makes remiss the hands
Of mightiest. Sense of pleasure we may well
Spare out of life perhaps, and not repine,
But live content, which is the calmest life:
But pain is perfect misery, the worst
Of evils, and excessive, overturns
All patience. He who therefore can invent

With what more forcible we may offend
Our yet unwounded enemies, or arm
Our selves with like defence, to me deserves
No less than for deliverance what we owe.
Whereto with look compos'd *Satan* repli'd.
Not uninvented that, which thou aright
Believ'st so main to our success, I bring;
Which of us who beholds the bright surface
Of this ethereous mould whereon we stand,
This continent of spacious Heav'n, adorn'd
With plant, fruit, flower ambrosial, gems and gold,
Whose eye so superficially surveys
These things, as not to mind from whence they grow
Deep under ground, materials dark and crude,
Of spiritous and fiery spume, till toucht
With Heaven's ray, and temper'd they shoot forth
So beauteous, op'ning to the ambient light?
These in their dark nativity the deep
Shall yield us, pregnant with infernal flame,
Which into hollow engines long and round
Thick-ramm'd, at th' other bore with touch of fire
Dilated and infuriate shall send forth
From far with thund'ring noise among our foes
Such implements of mischief as shall dash
To pieces, and o'erwhelm whatever stands
Adverse, that they shall fear we have disarm'd
The Thunderer of his only dreaded bolt.
Nor long shall be our labour, yet ere dawn,
Effect shall end our wish. Meanwhile revive;
Abandon fear; to strength and counsel join'd
Think nothing hard, much less to be despair'd.
He ended, and his words their drooping cheer
Enlightn'd, and their languisht hope reviv'd.
Th' invention all admir'd, and each, how he
To be th' inventer miss'd, so easy it seem'd

Once found, which yet unfound most would have thought
Impossible: yet haply of thy race
In future days, if malice should abound,
Some one intent on mischief, or inspir'd
With dev'lish machination might devise
Like instrument to plague the sons of men
For sin, on war and mutual slaughter bent.
Forthwith from council to the work they flew,
None arguing stood, innumerable hands
Were ready, in a moment up they turn'd
Wide the celestial soil, and saw beneath
Th' originals of nature in their crude
Conception; sulphurous and nitrous foam
They found, they mingl'd, and with subtle art,
Concocted and adusted they reduc'd
To blackest grain, and into store convey'd:
Part hidd'n veins digg'd up (nor hath this earth
Entrails unlike) of mineral and stone,
Whereof to found their engines and their balls
Of missive ruin; part incentive reed
Provide, pernicious with one touch to fire.
So all ere day-spring, under conscious night
Secret they finish'd, and in order set,
With silent circumspection unespi'd.
Now when fair morn orient in Heav'n appear'd
Up rose the victor angels, and to arms
The matin trumpet sung: in arms they stood
Of golden panoply, refulgent host,
Soon banded; others from the dawning hills
Look'd round, and scouts each coast light-armed scour,
Each quarter, to descry the distant foe,
Where lodg'd, or whither fled, or if for fight,
In motion or in halt: him soon they met
Under spread ensigns moving nigh, in slow
But firm battalion; back with speediest sail

Zophiel, of Cherubim the swiftest wing,
Came flying, and in mid air aloud thus cri'd.
Arm, warriors, arm for fight, the foe at hand,
Whom fled we thought, will save us long pursuit
This day, fear not his flight; so thick a cloud
He comes, and settl'd in his face I see
Sad resolution and secure: let each
His adamantine coat gird well, and each
Fit well his helm, grip fast his orbed shield,
Borne even or high, for this day will pour down,
If I conjecture aught, no drizzling show'r,
But rattling storm of arrows barb'd with fire.
So warn'd he them aware themselves, and soon
In order, quit of all impediment,
Instant without disturb they took alarm,
And onward move embattled; when, behold!
Not distant far, with heavy pace the foe
Approaching gross and huge; in hollow cube
Training his devilish enginry, impal'd
On every side with shadowing squadrons deep,
To hide the fraud. At interview both stood
A while, but suddenly at head appear'd
Satan: And thus was heard commanding loud.
Vanguard, to right and left the front unfold;
That all may see who hate us, how we seek
Peace and composure, and with open breast
Stand ready to receive them, if they like
Our overture, and turn not back perverse;
But that I doubt, however witness Heaven,
Heav'n witness thou anon, while we discharge
Freely our part: ye who appointed stand
Do as you have in charge, and briefly touch
What we propound, and loud that all may hear
So scoffing in ambiguous words, he scarce
Had ended; when to right and left the front

Divided, and to either flank retir'd.
Which to our eyes discover'd new and strange,
A triple-mounted row of pillars laid
On wheels (for like to pillars most they seem'd
Or hollow'd bodies made of oak or fir
With branches lopt, in wood or mountain fell'd)
Brass, iron, stony mould, had not their mouths
With hideous orifice gap't on us wide,
Portending hollow truce; at each behind
A Seraph stood, and in his hand a reed
Stood waving tipt with fire; while we, suspense,
Collected stood within our thoughts amus'd,
Not long, for sudden all at once their reeds
Put forth, and to a narrow vent appli'd
With nicest touch. Immediate in a flame,
But soon obscur'd with smoke, all Heav'n appear'd,
From those deep-throated engines belcht, whose roar
Embowelled with outrageous noise the air,
And all her entrails tore, disgorging foul
Their devilish glut, chain'd thunderbolts and hail
Of iron globes, which on the victor host
Level'd, with such impetuous fury smote,
That whom they hit, none on their feet might stand,
Though standing else as rocks, but down they fell
By thousands, angel on arch-angel roll'd;
The sooner for their arms, unarm'd they might
Have easily as spirits evaded swift
By quick contraction or remove; but now
Foul dissipation follow'd and forc't rout;
Nor serv'd it to relax their serried files.
What should they do? if on they rusht, repulse
Repeated, and indecent overthrow
Doubl'd, would render them yet more despis'd,
And to their foes a laughter; for in view
Stood rankt of Seraphim another row

In posture to displode their second tier
Of thunder: back defeated to return
They worse abhorr'd. *Satan* beheld their plight,
And to his mates thus in derision call'd.
O Friends, why come not on these victors proud?
Erewhile they fierce were coming, and when we,
To entertain them fair with open front
And breast, (what could we more?) propounded terms
Of composition, straight they chang'd their minds,
Flew off, and into strange vagaries fell,
As they would dance, yet for a dance they seem'd
Somewhat extravagant and wild, perhaps
For joy of offer'd peace: but I suppose
If our proposals once again were heard
We should compel them to a quick result.
To whom thus *Belial* in like gamesome mood.
Leader, the terms we sent were terms of weight,
Of hard contents, and full of force urg'd home,
Such as we might perceive amus'd them all,
And stumbl'd many, who receives them right.
Had need from head to foot well understand;
Not understood, this gift they have besides,
They shew us when our foes walk not upright.
So they among themselves in pleasant vein
Stood scoffing, heighten'd in their thoughts beyond
All doubt of victory, eternal might
To match with their inventions they presum'd
So easy, and of his thunder made a scorn,
And all his host derided, while they stood
A while in trouble; but they stood not long,
Rage prompted them at length, and found them arms
Against such hellish mischief fit to oppose.
Forthwith (behold the excellence, the power
Which God hath in his mighty angels plac'd)
Their arms away they threw, and to the hills

(For earth hath this variety from Heav'n
Of pleasure situate in hill and dale)
Light as the lightning-glimpse they ran, they flew,
From their foundations loos'ning to and fro
They pluckt the seated hills with all their load,
Rocks, waters, woods, and by the shaggy tops
Uplifting bore them in their hands. Amaze,
Be sure, and terror seized the rebel host,
When coming towards them so dread they saw
The bottom of the mountains upward turn'd,
Till on those cursed engines' triple row
They saw them whelm'd, and all their confidence
Under the weight of mountains buried deep,
Themselves invaded next, and on their heads
Main promontories flung, which in the air
Came shadowing, and opprest whole legions arm'd,
Their armour help'd their harm, crusht in and bruis'd
Into their substance pent, which wrought them pain
Implacable, and many a dolorous groan,
Long struggling underneath, ere they could wind
Out of such prison, though Spirits of purest light,
Purest at first, now gross by sinning grown.
The rest in imitation to like arms
Betook them, and the neighbouring hills uptore ;
So hills amid the air encountered hills
Hurl'd to and fro with jaculation dire,
That under ground they fought in dismal shade ;
Infernal noise ; war seem'd a civil game
To this uproar ; horrid confusion heapt
Upon confusion rose : and now all Heav'n
Had gone to wrack, with ruin overspread,
Had not th' Almighty Father where he sits
Shrin'd in his Sanctuary of Heav'n secure,
Consulting on the sum of things, foreseen
This tumult, and permitted all, advis'd :

That his great purpose he might so fulfil,
To honour his Anointed Son aveng'd
Upon his enemies, and to declare
All power on him transferr'd: whence to his Son
Th' assessor of his throne he thus began.
  Effulgence of my Glory, Son belov'd,
Son in whose face invisible is beheld
Visibly, what by Deity I am,
And in whose hand what by decree I do,
Second Omnipotence, two days are past,
Two days, as we compute the days of Heav'n,
Since *Michael* and his Powers went forth to tame
These disobedient; sore hath been their fight,
As likeliest was, when two such foes met arm'd;
For to themselves I left them, and thou know'st,
Equal in their creation they were form'd,
Save what sin hath impair'd, which yet hath wrought
Insensibly, for I suspend their doom;
Whence in perpetual fight they needs must last
Endless, and no solution will be found:
War wearied hath perform'd what war can do,
And to disorder'd rage let loose the reins,
With mountains as with weapons arm'd, which makes
Wild work in Heav'n, and dangerous to the main.
Two days are therefore past, the third is thine;
For thee I have ordain'd it, and thus far
Have suffer'd, that the glory may be thine
Of ending this great war, since none but Thou
Can end it. Into thee such virtue and grace
Immense I have transfus'd, that all may know
In Heav'n and Hell thy power above compare,
And this perverse commotion govern'd thus,
To manifest thee worthiest to be Heir
Of all things, to be Heir and to be King
By sacred unction, thy deserved right.

Go then thou Mightiest in thy Father's might,
Ascend my chariot, guide the rapid wheels
That shake Heav'n's basis, bring forth all my war,
My bow and thunder, my almighty arms
Gird on, and sword upon thy puissant thigh;
Pursue these sons of Darkness, drive them out
From all Heav'n's bounds into the utter deep:
There let them learn, as likes them, to despise
God and *Messiah* his anointed King.
He said, and on his Son with rays direct
Shone full, he all his Father full exprest
Ineffably into his face receiv'd,
And thus the filial Godhead answering spake.
O Father, O Supreme of heav'nly Thrones,
First, Highest, Holiest, Best, thou always seek'st
To glorify thy Son, I always thee,
As is most just; this I my glory account,
My exaltation, and my whole delight,
That thou in me well pleas'd declar'st thy will
Fulfill'd, which to fulfil is all my bliss.
Sceptre and Power, thy giving, I assume,
And gladlier shall resign, when in the end
Thou shalt be All in All, and I in thee
For ever, and in me all whom thou lov'st;
But whom thou hat'st, I hate, and can put on
Thy terrors, as I put thy mildness on,
Image of thee in all things; and shall soon,
Arm'd with thy might, rid heav'n of these rebell'd
To their prepar'd ill mansion driven down
To chains of darkness, and th' undying worm,
That from thy just obedience could revolt,
Whom to obey is happiness entire.
Then shall thy Saints unmixt, and from th' impure
Far separate, circling thy holy mount
Unfeigned *Halleluiahs* to thee sing,

Hymns of high praise, and I among them chief.
So said, he o'er his sceptre bowing, rose
From the right hand of glory where he sate,
And the third sacred morn began to shine
Dawning through Heav'n: forth rush'd with whirl-wind sound
The chariot of paternal Deity,
Flashing thick flames, wheel within wheel undrawn,
Itself instinct with Spirit, but convoy'd
By four Cherubic shapes: four faces each
Had wondrous, as with stars their bodies all
And wings were set with eyes, with eyes the wheels
Of beryl, and careering fires between;
Over their heads a crystal firmament,
Whereon a Sapphire throne, inlaid with pure
Amber, and colours of the show'ry arch.
He in celestial panoply all arm'd
Of radiant *Urim*, work divinely wrought,
Ascended, at his right hand Victory
Sate eagle-wing'd, beside him hung his bow
And quiver with three-bolted thunder stor'd,
And from about him fierce effusion roll'd
Of smoke and bickering flame, and sparkles dire;
Attended with ten thousand thousand Saints,
He onward came, far off his coming shone,
And twenty thousand (I their number heard)
Chariots of God, half on each hand were seen:
He on the wings of Cherub rode sublime
On the crystalline sky, in sapphire thron'd.
Illustrious far and wide, but by his own
First seen, them unexpected joy surpris'd,
When the great ensign of *Messiah* blaz'd
Aloft by Angels born, his sign in Heav'n:
Under whose conduct *Michael* soon reduc'd
His army, circumfus'd on either wing,
Under their head embodied all in one.

Before him Power Divine his way prepar'd;
At his command the uprooted hills retir'd
Each to his place, they heard his voice and went
Obsequious, Heav'n his wonted face renewed,
And with fresh flow'rets hill and valley smil'd.
This saw his hapless foes, but stood obdur'd,
And to rebellious fight rallied their powers
Insensate, hope conceiving from despair.
In heav'nly Spirits could such perverseness dwell?
But to convince the proud what signs avail,
Or wonders move th' obdurate to relent?
They hard'nd more by what might most reclaim,
Grieving to see his glory, at the sight
Took envy, and aspiring to his height,
Stood re-embattl'd fierce, by force or fraud
Weening to prosper, and at length prevail
Against God and *Messiah*, or to fall
In universal ruin last, and now
To final battle drew, disdaining flight,
Or faint retreat; when the great Son of God
To all his host on either hand thus spake.
  Stand still in bright array ye Saints, here stand
Ye Angels arm'd, this day from battle rest;
Faithful hath been your warfare, and of God
Accepted, fearless in his righteous cause,
And as ye have receiv'd, so have ye done
Invincibly: but of this cursed crew
The punishment to other hand belongs,
Vengeance is his, or whose he sole appoints;
Number to this day's work is not ordain'd
Nor multitude, stand only and behold
God's indignation on these godless pour'd
By me; not you but me they have despis'd,
Yet envied; against me is all their rage,
Because the Father, t' whom in Heav'n supreme

Kingdom and Power and Glory appertains,
Hath honour'd me according to his will.
Therefore to me their doom he hath assign'd;
That they may have their wish, to try with me
In battle which the stronger proves, they all,
Or I alone against them, since by strength
They measure all, of other excellence
Not emulous, nor care who them excels;
Nor other strife with them do I vouchsafe.
So spake the Son, and into terror chang'd
His count'nance too severe to be beheld
And full of wrath bent on his enemies.
At once the Four spread out their starry wings
With dreadful shade contiguous, and the orbs
Of his fierce chariot roll'd, as with the sound
Of torrent floods, or of a numerous host.
He on his impious foes right onward drove,
Gloomy as night; under his burning wheels
The stedfast empyrean shook throughout,
All but the throne itself of God. Full soon
Among them he arriv'd; in his right hand
Grasping ten thousand thunders, which he sent
Before him, such as in their souls infix'd
Plagues; they astonisht all resistance lost,
All courage; down their idle weapons dropp'd;
O'er shields and helms, and helmed heads he rode
Of Thrones and mighty Seraphim prostrate,
That wish'd the mountains now might be again
Thrown on them as a shelter from his ire.
Nor less on either side tempestuous fell
His arrows, from the fourfold-visag'd four,
Distinct with eyes, and from the living wheels,
Distinct alike with multitude of eyes,
One spirit in them rul'd, and every eye
Glar'd lightning, and shot forth pernicious fire

Among th' accurst, that wither'd all their strength,
And of their wonted vigour left them drain'd,
Exhausted, spiritless, afflicted, fall'n.
Yet half his strength he put not forth, but check'd
His thunder in mid volley, for he meant
Not to destroy, but root them out of Heav'n:
The overthrown he rais'd, and as a herd
Of goats or timorous flocks together throng'd
Drove them before him thunder-struck, pursu'd
With terrors and with furies to the bounds
And crystal wall of Heav'n, which op'ning wide,
Roll'd inward, and a spacious gap disclos'd
Into the wasteful deep; the monstrous sight
Struck them with horror backward, but far worse
Urg'd them behind; headlong themselves they threw
Down from the verge of Heav'n, eternal wrath
Burnt after them to the bottomless pit.
  Hell heard th' unsufferable noise, Hell saw
Heav'n ruining from Heav'n, and would have fled
Affrighted; but strict Fate had cast too deep
Her dark foundations, and too fast had bound.
Nine days they fell; confounded *Chaos* roar'd,
And felt tenfold confusion in their fall
Through his wild anarchy, so huge a rout
Encumber'd him with ruin: Hell at last
Yawning receiv'd them whole, and on them clos'd,
Hell their fit habitation fraught with fire
Unquenchable, the house of woe and pain.
Disburd'nd Heav'n rejoic'd, and soon repair'd
Her mural breach, returning whence it roll'd.
Sole victor from th' expulsion of his foes
Messiah his triumphal chariot turn'd:
To meet him all his Saints, who silent stood
Eye witnesses of his almighty acts,
With jubilee advanc'd; and as they went,

Shaded with branching palm, each order bright,
Sung triumph, and him sung Victorious King,
Son, Heir, and Lord, to him dominion giv'n,
Worthiest to reign: he celebrated rode
Triumphant through mid Heav'n, into the courts
And temple of his mighty Father thron'd
On high; who into Glory him receiv'd,
Where now he sits at the right hand of bliss.
Thus measuring things in Heav'n by things on earth
At thy request, and that thou mayst beware
By what is past, to thee I have reveal'd
What might have else to human race been hid:
The discord which befell, and war in Heav'n
Among th' Angelic Powers, and the deep fall
Of those too high aspiring, who rebell'd
With *Satan*, he who envies now thy state,
Who now is plotting how he may seduce
Thee also from obedience, that with him
Bereav'd of happiness thou mayst partake
His punishment, eternal misery;
Which would be all his solace and revenge,
As a despite done against the most High,
Thee once to gain companion of his woe.
But list'n not to his temptations, warn
Thy weaker; let it profit thee to have heard
By terrible example the reward
Of disobedience; firm they might have stood,
Yet fell; remember, and fear to transgress.

V.

MILTON.

SAMSON BLIND.

O DARK, dark, dark, amid the blaze of noon,
Irrecoverably dark, total Eclipse
Without all hope of day!
O first created Beam, and thou great Word:
Let there be light; and light was over all;
Why am I thus bereav'd thy prime decree?
The Sun to me is dark
And silent as the Moon,
When she deserts the night
Hid in her vacant interlunar cave.
Since light so necessary is to life,
And almost life itself, if it be true
That light is in the Soul,
She all in every part; why was the sight
To such a tender ball as th' eye confin'd?
So obvious and so easy to be quench't,
And not as feeling through all parts diffus'd,
That she might look at will through every pore?
Then had I not been thus exil'd from light;
As in the land of darkness yet in light,
To live a life half dead, a living death,
And buried; but O yet more miserable;
Myself, my Sepulchre, a moving grave,
Buried, yet not exempt
By privilege of death and burial
From worst of other evils, pains and wrongs,
But made hereby obnoxious more
To all the miseries of life,
Life in captivity
Among inhuman foes.

VI.

MILTON.

ON SHAKESPEAR (1630).

WHAT needs my *Shakespear* for his honour'd Bones,
The labour of an age in piled stones,
Or that his hallow'd reliques should be hid
Under a Star-ypointing *Pyramid?*
Dear son of memory, great heir of Fame,
What need'st thou such weak witness of thy name?
Thou in our wonder and astonishment
Hast built thyself a live-long Monument.
For whilst to th' shame of slow-endeavouring art,
Thy easy numbers flow, and that each heart
Hath from the leaves of thy unvalu'd book,
Those Delphic lines with deep impression took,
Then thou our fancy of itself bereaving,
Dost make us marble with too much conceiving;
And so sepulchred in such pomp dost lie,
That kings for such a tomb would wish to die.

VII

MILTON.

SONNETS.

(i.) WRITTEN ON HIS DOOR WHEN THE ASSAULT WAS INTENDED TO THE CITY.

CAPTAIN or Colonel, or Knight in Arms,
Whose chance on these defenceless doors may seize,
If ever deed of honour did thee please,
Guard them, and him within protect from harms,

He can requite thee, for he knows the charms
That call Fame on such gentle acts as these,
And he can spread thy name o'er lands and seas,
Whatever clime the sun's bright circle warms.
Lift not thy spear against the Muse's Bower,
The great *Emathian* Conqueror bid spare
The house of *Pindarus*, when Temple and Tower
Went to the ground: and the repeated air
Of sad *Electra's* Poet had the power
To save th' *Athenian* Walls from ruin bare.

(ii.) On Tetrachordon.

A Book was writ of late call'd *Tetrachordon;*
And wov'n close, both matter, form and style;
The subject new: it walk'd the town a while,
Numb'ring good intellects; now seldom por'd on.
Cries the stall-reader, bless us! what a word on
A title page is this! and some in file
Stand spelling false, while one might walk to Mile-
End Green. Why is it harder, Sirs, than Gordon,
Colkitto, or Macdonnel, or Galasp?
Those rugged names to our like mouths grow sleek
That would have made *Quintilian* stare and gasp.
Thy age, like ours, O Soul of Sir *John Cheek*,
Hated not Learning worse than toad or asp;
When thou taught'st *Cambridge* and King *Edward* Greek.

(iii.) On his Blindness.

When I consider how my light is spent,
Ere half my days, in this dark world and wide,
And that one talent which is death to hide,
Lodg'd with me useless, though my soul more bent

To serve therewith my Maker, and present
My true account, lest he returning chide.
Doth God exact day-labour, light denied,
I fondly ask. But patience, to prevent
That murmur, soon replies: God doth not need
Either man's work or his own gifts: who best
Bear his mild yoke, they serve him best. His state
Is kingly. Thousands at his bidding speed
And post o'er land and ocean without rest:
They also serve who only stand and wait.

(iv.) ON THE LATE MASSACRE IN PIEDMONT.

Avenge, O Lord, thy slaughter'd saints, whose bones
Lie scatter'd on the Alpine mountains cold,
Ev'n them who kept thy truth so pure of old
When all our Fathers worshipt stocks and stones,
Forget not: in thy book record their groans
Who were thy sheep and in their ancient fold
Slain by the bloody *Piemontese* that roll'd
Mother with infant down the rocks. Their moans
The vales redoubl'd to the hills, and they
To Heav'n. Their martyr'd blood and ashes sow
O'er all th' *Italian* fields where still doth sway
The triple Tyrant: that from these may grow
A hundred-fold, who having learnt thy way
Early may fly the *Babylonian* woe.

VIII.

ROBERT HERRICK.

(i.) THE CHEAT OF CUPID: OR, THE UNGENTLE GUEST.

ONE silent night of late,
When every creature rested,
Came one unto my gate,
And knocking, me molested.

Who's that (said I) beats there,
  And troubles thus the sleepie?
Cast off (said he) all feare,
  And let not Locks thus keep ye.

For I a Boy am, who
  By Moonlesse nights have swerved
And all with showrs wet through,
  And e'en with cold half starved.

I pitifull arose,
  And soon a Taper lighted;
And did my selfe disclose
  Unto the lad benighted.

I saw he had a Bow,
  And Wings too, which did shiver,
And looking down below,
  I spy'd he had a Quiver.

I to my Chimney's shine
  Brought him (as Love professes)
And chaf'd his hands with mine,
  And dry'd his dropping Tresses.

But when he felt him warm'd,
  Let's try this bow of ours,
And string, if they be harm'd,
  Said he, with these late showrs.

Forthwith his bow he bent,
  And wedded string and arrow,
And struck me that it went
  Quite through my heart and marrow.

Then laughing loud, he flew
  Away, and thus said flying,
Adieu mine Host, Adieu,
  Ile leave thy heart a dying.

(ii.) DIVINATION BY A DAFFADILL.

When a Daffadill I see,
Hanging down his head t'wards me
Guesse I may, what I must be:
First, I shall decline my head;
Secondly, I shall be dead;
Lastly, safely buryed.

(iii.) HIS POETRIE HIS PILLAR.

Onely a little more
I have to write
Then I'le give o're
And bid the world Good-night.

'Tis but a flying minute,
That I must stay,
Or linger in it;
And then I must away.

O time that cut'st down all!
And scarce leav'st here
Memoriall
Of any men that were.

How many lye forgot
In Vaults beneath?
And piece-meale rot
Without a fame in death?

Behold this living stone,
I reare for me,
Ne'r to be thrown
Downe, envious Time, by thee.

Pillars let some set up,
(If so they please)
Here is my hope,
And my Pyramides.

(iv.) COMFORT TO A YOUTH THAT HAD LOST HIS LOVE.

What needs complaints,
When she a place
Has with the race
Of Saints?
In endlesse mirth,
She thinks not on
What's said or done
In earth:
She sees no teares,
Or any tone
Of thy deep grone
She heares:
Nor do's she minde,
Or think on't now,
That ever thou
Wast kind.
But chang'd above,
She likes not there,
As she did here,
Thy Love.
Forbeare therefore,
And lull asleepe
Thy woes, and weep
No more.

(v.) TO PRIMROSES FILL'D WITH MORNING DEW.

Why doe ye weep, sweet Babes? can Tears
Speak griefe in you,
Who were but borne
Just as the modest Morne
Teem'd her refreshing dew?

Alas, you have not known that shower,
That marres a flower;
Nor felt th' unkind
Breath of a blasting wind;
Nor are ye worne with yeares;
Or warpt, as we,
Who think it strange to see,
Such pretty flowers, (like to Orphans young,)
To speak by Teares, before ye have a Tongue.

Speak, whimp'ring Younglings, and make known
The reason, why
Ye droop, and weep;
Is it for want of sleep?
Or childish Lullabie?
Or that ye have not seen as yet
The Violet?
Or brought a kisse
From that Sweet-heart, to this?
No, no, this sorrow shown
By your teares shed,
Wo'd have this Lecture read:—
That things of greatest, so of meanest worth,
Conceiv'd with grief are, and with teares brought forth.

(vi.) TO THE VIRGINS, TO MAKE MUCH OF TIME.

Gather ye Rose-buds, while ye may,
Old Time is still a-flying:
And this same flower that smiles today,
To morrow will be dying.

The glorious Lamp of Heaven, the Sun,
The higher he's a-getting;
The sooner will his Race be run,
And neerer he's to Setting.

That Age is best, which is the first,
When Youth and Blood are warmer;
But being spent, the worse, and worst
Times, still succeed the former.

Then be not coy, but use your time;
And while ye may, goe marry:
For having lost but once your prime,
You may for ever tarry.

(vii.) UPON JULIA'S VOICE.

So smooth, so sweet, so silv'ry is thy voice,
As, could they hear, the Damn'd would make no noise;
But listen to thee, (walking in thy chamber)
Melting melodious words to Lutes of Amber.

(viii.) THE PILLAR OF FAME.

FAME'S pillar here, at last, we set,
Out-during Marble, Brasse, or Jet,
Charm'd and enchanted so,
As to withstand the blow,
Of overthrow,
Nor shall the seas,
Or OUTRAGES
Of storms orebear
What we up-rear:
Tho Kingdoms fal,
This pillar never shall
Decline or waste at all;
But stand for ever by his owne
Firme and well-fixt foundation.

(ix.) FINIS.

To his Book's end this last line he'd have plac't,
Jocond his Muse was; but his Life was chast.

(x.) GRACES FOR CHILDREN.

What God gives, and what we take,
'Tis a gift for Christ His sake:
Be the meale of Beanes and Pease,
God be thank'd for those, and these:
Have we flesh, or have we fish,
All are Fragments from His dish.
He His Church save, and the King,
And our Peace here, like a Spring,
Make it ever flourishing.

(xi.) ANOTHER GRACE FOR A CHILD.

Here a little child I stand,
Heaving up my either hand;
Cold as Paddocks though they be,
Here I lift them up to Thee,
For a Benizon to fall
On our meat, and on us all. *Amen.*

(xii.) HIS PRAYER FOR ABSOLUTION

For those my unbaptized Rhimes,
Writ in my wild unhallowed Times;
For every sentence, clause, and word,
That's not inlaid with Thee, (my Lord)
Forgive me, God, and blot each Line
Out of my book that is not Thine.
But if, 'mongst all, Thou find'st here one
Worthy thy Benediction;
That One of all the rest, shall be
The Glory of my Work, and Me.

(xiii.) GOD'S ANGER WITHOUT AFFECTION.

God when He's angry here with any one,
His wrath is free from perturbation;
And when we think His looks are soure and grim,
The alteration is in us, not Him.

(xiv.) A THANKSGIVING TO GOD, FOR HIS HOUSE.

Lord, Thou hast given me a cell
Wherein to dwell;
A little house, whose humble Roof
Is weather-proof;
Under the sparres of which I lie
Both soft, and drie;
Where Thou my chamber for to ward
Hast set a Guard
Of harmlesse thoughts, to watch and keep
Me, while I sleep.
Low is my porch, as is my Fate,
Both void of state;
And yet the threshold of my doore
Is worn by th' poore,
Who thither come and freely get
Good words, or meat:
Like as my Parlour, so my Hall
And Kitchin's small:
A little Butterie, and therein
A little Byn,
Which keeps my little loafe of Bread
Unchipt, unflead:
Some brittle sticks of Thorne or Briar
Make me a fire,
Close by whose living coale I sit,
And glow like it.
Lord, I confesse too, when I dine,
The Pulse is Thine,
And all those other Bits, that bee
There plac'd by Thee;
The Worts, the Purslain, and the Messe
Of water-cresse,
Which of Thy kindnesse Thou hast sent;
And my content

Makes those and my belovèd Beet,
To be more sweet.
'Tis Thou that crown'st my glittering Hearth
With guiltlesse mirth;
And giv'st me Wassaile Bowles to drink,
Spic'd to the brink.
Lord, 'tis thy plenty-dropping hand,
That soiles my land;
And giv'st me, for my Bushel sowne,
Twice ten for one:
Thou mak'st my teeming Hen to lay
Her egg each day:
Besides my healthfull Ewes to beare
Me twins each yeare:
The while the conduits of my Kine
Run Creame, (for Wine.)
All these, and better Thou dost send
Me, to this end,
That I should render, for my part,
A thankful heart;
Which, fir'd with incense, I resigne
As wholly Thine;
But the acceptance, that must be,
My Christ, by Thee.

IX.

GEORGE WITHER.

THE AUTHOR'S RESOLUTION.

SHALL I wasting in despair
Die because a woman's fair?
Or make pale my cheeks with care
'Cause another's rosy are?

Be she fairer than the day,
Or the flowery meads in May,
If she think not well of me,
What care I how fair she be?

Shall my seely heart be pined
'Cause I see a woman kind?
Or a well-disposed nature
Joined with a lovely feature?
Be she meeker, kinder than
Turtle-dove or pelican,
If she be not so to me,
What care I how kind she be?

Shall a woman's virtues move
Me to perish for her love?
Or her well-deservings known
Make me quite forget mine own?
Be she with that goodness blest
Which may merit name of best,
If she be not such to me,
What care I how good she be?

'Cause her fortune seems too high,
Shall I play the fool and die?
She that bears a noble mind,
If not outward helps she find,
Thinks what with them he would do
That without them dares her woo;
And unless that mind I see
What care I how great she be?

Great, or good, or kind, or fair,
I will ne'er the more despair:
If she love me, this believe,
I will die, ere she shall grieve:

If she slight me when I woo
I can scorn and let her go,
For if she be not for me,
What care I for whom she be?

X.

HENRY KING.

THE DIRGE.

WHAT is th' existence of man's life,
But open war, or slumber'd strife;
Where sickness to his sense presents
The combat of the elements;
And never feels a perfect peace
Till Death's cold hand signs his release?

It is a storme, where the hot blood
Outvies in rage the boiling flood;
And each loose passion of the minde
Is like a furious gust of winde,
Which beats his bark with many a wave,
Till he casts anchor in the grave.

It is a flowre, which buds and grows,
And withers as the leaves disclose;
Whose spring and fall faint seasons keep,
Like fits of waking before sleep;
Then shrinks into that fatal mould
Where its first being was unroll'd.

It is a dreame, whose seeming truth
Is moralis'd in age and youth;
Where all the comforts he can share
As wandering as his fancies are;
Till in a mist of dark decay,
The dreamer vanish quite away.

It is a dial, which points out
The sunset, as it moves about;
And shadows out in lines of night
The subtle stages of time's flight;
Till all-obscuring earth hath laid
The body in perpetual shade.

It is a wearie interlude,
Which doth short joys, long woes include;
The world the stage, the prologue tears,
The acts vain hope and varied fears;
The scene shuts up with loss of breath,
And leaves no epilogue but death.

XI.

SIR JOHN SUCKLING.

THE INCONSTANT LOVER.

Out upon it, I have loved
Three whole days together!
And am like to love three more
If it prove fair weather.

Time shall moult away his wings
Ere he shall discover
In the whole wide world again
Such a constant lover.

But the spite on't is, no praise
Is due at all to me:
Love with me had made no stays,
Had it any been but she.

Had it any been but she,
And that very face,
There had been at least ere this
A dozen dozen in her place.

XII.

RICHARD LOVELACE.

(i.) TO LUCASTA, ON GOING TO THE WARS.

TELL me not, Sweet, I am unkind
That from the nunnery
Of thy chaste breast and quiet mind,
To war and arms I fly.

True, a new mistress now I chase,
The first foe in the field;
And with a stronger faith embrace
A sword, a horse, a shield.

Yet this inconstancy is such
As you too shall adore;
I could not love thee, Dear, so much,
Loved I not Honour more.

(ii.) TO ALTHEA FROM PRISON.

When Love with unconfinéd wings
Hovers within my gates,
And my divine Althea brings
To whisper at the grates;
When I lie tangled in her hair
And fetter'd to her eye
The birds that wanton in the air
Know no such liberty.

When flowing cups run swiftly round
With no allaying Thames,
Our careless heads with roses crown'd,
Our hearts with loyal flames;
When thirsty grief in wine we steep,
When healths and draughts go free—
Fishes that tipple in the deep
Know no such liberty.

When, linnet-like confinéd, I
With shriller throat shall sing
The sweetness, mercy, majesty
And glories of my King;
When I shall voice aloud how good
He is, how great should be,
Enlargéd winds, that curl the flood,
Know no such liberty.

Stone walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron bars a cage;
Minds innocent and quiet take
That for an hermitage:
If I have freedom in my love
And in my soul am free,
Angels alone, that soar above,
Enjoy such liberty.

XIII.

THOMAS CAREW.

(i.) SONG.

Ask me no more where Jove bestows,
When June is past, the fading rose;
For in your beauty's orient deep
These flowers, as in their causes, sleep.

Ask me no more whither do stray
The golden atoms of the day;
For in pure love heaven did prepare
Those powders to enrich your hair.

Ask me no more whither doth haste
The nightingale when May is past;
For in your sweet dividing throat
She winters and keeps warm her note.

Ask me no more where those stars 'light
That downwards fall in dead of night;
For in your eyes they sit, and there
Fixéd become as in their sphere.

Ask me no more if east or west
The Phœnix builds her spicy nest;
For unto you at last she flies,
And in your fragrant bosom dies.

(ii.) IN BLISS.

Brave spirits whose advent'rous feet
  Have to the mountain's top aspir'd,
Where fair desert and honour meet:
  Here, from the toiling press retir'd,
Secure from all disturbing evil,
For ever in my temple revel.
With wreaths of stars circled about,
  Gild all the spacious firmament.
And smiling on the panting rout
  That labour in the steep ascent,
With your resistless influence guide
Of human change th' uncertain tide.

XIV.

RICHARD CRASHAW.

THE WEEPER.

Hail, sister springs,
Parent of silver-footed rills!
  Ever bubbling things,
Thawing crystal, snowy hills!
    Still spending, never spent; I mean
    Thy fair eyes, sweet Magdalene.

Heavens thy fair eyes be;
Heavens of ever-falling stars;
'Tis seed-time still with thee,
And stars thou sow'st whose harvest dares
Promise the earth to countershine
Whatever makes Heaven's forehead fine.

Every morn from hence
A brisk cherub something sips
Whose soft influence
Adds sweetness to his sweetest lips;
Then to his music: and his song
Tastes of this breakfast all day long.

When some new bright guest
Takes up among the stars a room,
And Heaven will make a feast,
Angels with their bottles come,
And draw from these full eyes of thine
Their Master's water, their own wine.

The dew no more will weep
The primrose's pale cheek to deck;
The dew no more will sleep
Nuzzled in the lily's neck:
Much rather would it tremble here,
And leave them both to be thy tear.

When sorrow would be seen
In her brightest majesty,
—For she is a Queen—
Then is she drest by none but thee:
Then and only then she wears
Her richest pearls—I mean thy tears

Not in the evening's eyes,
When they red with weeping are
For the Sun that dies,
Sits Sorrow with a face so fair.
Nowhere but here did ever meet
Sweetness so sad, sadness so sweet.

Does the night arise?
Still thy tears do fall and fall.
Does night lose her eyes?
Still the fountain weeps for all.
Let day and night do what they will,
Thou hast thy task, thou weepest still.

Not *So long she lived*
Will thy tomb report of thee;
But *So long she grieved:*
Thus must we date thy memory.
Others by days, by months, by years,
Measure their ages, thou by tears.

Say, ye bright brothers,
The fugitive sons of those fair eyes,
Your fruitful mothers,
What make you here? What hopes can 'tice
You to be born? What cause can borrow
You from those nests of noble sorrow?

Whither away so fast?
For sure the sordid earth
Your sweetness cannot taste,
Nor does the dust deserve your birth,
Sweet, whither haste you then? O say,
Why you trip so fast away?

We go not to seek
The darlings of Aurora's bed,
The rose's modest cheek,
Nor the violet's humble head.
No such thing: we go to meet
A worthier object—our Lord's feet.

XV.

HENRY VAUGHAN.

DEPARTED FRIENDS.

THEY are all gone into the world of light!
And I alone sit ling'ring here!
Their very memory is faire and bright,
And my sad thoughts doth clear.

It glows and glitters in my cloudy breast
Like stars upon some gloomy grove,
Or those faint beams in which this hill is drest
After the Sun's remove.

I see them walking in an air of glorie,
Whose light doth trample on my days;
My days, which are at best but dull and hoarie,
Mere glimmering and decays.

O holy Hope! and high Humility!
High as the Heavens above;
These are your walks, and you have shew'd them me
To kindle my cold love.

Dear, beauteous death; the Jewel of the Just!
Shining nowhere but in the dark;
What mysteries do lie beyond thy dust,
Could man outlook that mark!

He that hath found some fledg'd bird's nest may know
At first sight if the bird be flown;
But what fair dell or grove he sings in now,
That is to him unknown.

And yet as Angels in some brighter dreams
Call to the soul when man doth sleepe,
So some strange thoughts transcend our wonted themes,
And into glory peepe.

If a star were confin'd into a tombe,
Her captive flames must needs burn there;
But when the hand that lockt her up gives roome
She'll shine through all the spheare.

O Father of eternal life, and all
Created glories under thee!
Resume thy spirit from this world of thrall
Into true libertie!

Either disperse these mists, which blot and fill
My perspective still as they passe:
Or else remove me hence unto that hill,
Where I shall need no glasse.

XVI.

JAMES SHIRLEY.

DEATH THE LEVELLER.

THE glories of our blood and state
Are shadows, not substantial things;
There is no armour against Fate;
Death lays his icy hand on kings:
Sceptre and Crown
Must tumble down,
And in the dust be equal made
With the poor crooked scythe and spade.

Some men with swords may reap the field,
  And plant fresh laurels where they kill:
But their strong nerves at last must yield;
  They tame but one another still:
    Early or late
    They stoop to fate,
And must give up their murmuring breath
When they, pale captives, creep to death.

The garlands wither on your brow;
  Then boast no more your mighty deeds!
Upon Death's purple altar now
  See where the victor-victim bleeds.
    Your heads must come
    To the cold tomb:
Only the actions of the just
Smell sweet and blossom in their dust.

XVII.

ANDREW MARVELL.

THE GARDEN.

How vainly men themselves amaze,
To win the palm, the oak, or bays,
And their incessant labours see
Crowned from some single herb, or tree,
Whose short and narrow-verged shade
Does prudently their toils upbraid,
While all the flowers, and trees, do close,
To weave the garlands of repose!

  Fair Quiet, have I found thee here,
And Innocence, thy sister dear?
Mistaken long, I sought you then
In busy companies of men.

Your sacred plants, if here below,
Only among the plants will grow;
Society is all but rude
To this delicious solitude.

Nor white nor red was ever seen
So amorous as this lovely green.
Fond lovers, cruel as their flame,
Cut in these trees their mistress' name:
Little, alas! they know or heed,
How far these beauties her exceed!
Fair trees! where'er your barks I wound,
No name shall but your own be found.

When we have run our passion's heat,
Love hither makes his best retreat.
The gods, who mortal beauty chase,
Still in a tree did end their race;
Apollo hunted Daphne so,
Only that she might laurel grow;
And Pan did after Syrinx speed,
Not as a nymph, but for a reed.

What wond'rous life is this I lead!
Ripe apples drop about my head;
The luscious clusters of the vine
Upon my mouth do crush their wine;
The nectarine and curious peach,
Into my hands themselves do reach;
Stumbling on melons, as I pass,
Insnared with flowers, I fall on grass.

Meanwhile the mind, from pleasure less,
Withdraws into its happiness;
The mind, that ocean where each kind
Does straight its own resemblance find;

Yet it creates, transcending these,
Far other worlds, and other seas,
Annihilating all that's made,
To a green thought in a green shade.

Here at the fountain's sliding foot,
Or at some fruit-tree's mossy root,
Casting the body's vest aside,
My soul into the boughs does glide:
There, like a bird, it sits and sings,
Then whets and claps its silver wings,
And, till prepared for longer flight,
Waves in its plumes the various light.

Such was that happy garden state,
While man there walked without a mate:
After a place so pure and sweet,
What other help could yet be meet!
But 'twas beyond a mortal's share
To wander solitary there:
Two paradises are in one,
To live in Paradise alone.

How well the skilful gardener drew
Of flow'rs, and herbs, this dial new,
Where, from above, the milder sun
Does through a fragrant zodiac run,
And, as it works, the industrious bee
Computes its time as well as we!
How could such sweet and wholesome hours
Be reckon'd but with herbs and flowers?

XVIII.

BALLAD.

FAIR HELEN OF KIRCONNELL.

I WISH I were where Helen lies,
Night and day on me she cries,
O that I were where Helen lies,
On fair Kirconnell Lee!

Curst be the heart that thought the thought,
And curst the hand that fired the shot,
When in my arms burd Helen dropt,
And died to succour me.

O think na ye my heart was sair,
When my love dropt down and spak nae mair,
There did she swoon wi' meikle care,
On fair Kirconnell Lee.

As I went down the water side,
None but my foe to be my guide,
None but my foe to be my guide,
On fair Kirconnell Lee.

I lighted down, my sword did draw,
I hacked him in pieces sma',
I hacked him in pieces sma',
For her sake that died for me.

O Helen fair, beyond compare,
I'll make a garland of thy hair,
Shall bind my heart for evermair,
Untill the day I die.

O that I were where Helen lies,
Night and day on me she cries,
Out of my bed she bids me rise,
Says, "Haste, and come to me!"

O Helen fair! O Helen chaste!
If I were with thee I were blest,
Where thou lies low, and takes thy rest
On fair Kirconnell Lee.

I wish my grave were growing green,
A winding-sheet drawn ower my e'en
And I in Helen's arms lying
On fair Kirconnell Lee.

I wish I were where Helen lies,
Night and day on me she cries,
And I am weary of the skies,
For her sake that died for me.

XIX.

IZAAK WALTON.

THE COMPLEAT ANGLER.

PISCATOR, VENATOR, PETER, CORIDON.

PISCATOR. My purpose was to give you some directions concerning ROACH and DACE, and some other inferior fish which make the angler excellent sport. For you know there is more pleasure in hunting the hare than in eating her: but I will forbear, at this time, to say

any more, because, you see, yonder come our brother Peter and honest Coridon. But I will promise you, that as you and I fish and walk to-morrow towards London, if I have now forgotten anything that I can then remember, I will not keep it from you.

Well met, gentlemen; this is lucky that we meet so, just together at this very door. Come, hostess, where are you? is supper ready? Come, first give us a drink; and be as quick as you can, for I believe we are all very hungry. Well, brother Peter and Coridon, to you both! Come, drink: and then tell me what luck of fish. We two have caught but ten trouts, of which my scholar caught three. Look! here's eight; and a brace we gave away. We have had a most pleasant day for fishing and talking, and are returned home both weary and hungry; and now meat and rest will be pleasant.

PETER. And Coridon and I have not had an unpleasant day: and yet I have caught but five trouts; for, indeed, we went to a good honest ale-house, and there we played at shovel-board half the day. All the time that it rained we were there, and as merry as they that fished. And I am glad we are now with a dry house over our heads; for, hark! how it rains and blows. Come, hostess, give us more ale, and our supper with what haste you may: and when we have supped, let us have your song, Piscator; and the catch that your scholar promised us, or else, Coridon will be dogged.

PISCATOR. Nay, I will not be worse than my word; you shall not want my song, and I hope I shall be perfect in it.

VENATOR. And I hope the like for my catch, which I have ready too: and therefore let's go merrily to supper, and then have a gentle touch at singing and drinking; but the last with moderation.

CORIDON. Come, now for your song; for we have

fed heartily. Come, hostess, lay a few more sticks on the fire. And now, sing when you will.

PISCATOR. Well then, here's to you, Coridon; and now for my song.

O the gallant Fisher's life,
It is the best of any;
'Tis full of pleasure, void of strife,
And 'tis beloved of many:
Other joys
Are but toys;
Only this
Lawful is;
For our skill
Breeds no ill,
But content and pleasure.

In a morning up we rise,
Ere Aurora's peeping;
Drink a cup to wash our eyes;
Leave the sluggard sleeping:
Then we go
To and fro,
With our knacks
At our backs,
To such streams
As the Thames,
If we have the leisure.

When we please to walk abroad
For our recreation,
In the fields is our abode,
Full of delectation:
Where in a brook
With a hook,
Or a lake,
Fish we take:
There we sit,
For a bit,
Till we fish entangle.

We have gentles in a horn,
We have paste and worms too;
We can watch both night and morn,
Suffer rain and storms too;
None do here
Use to swear;
Oaths do fray
Fish away;
We sit still,
And watch our quill;
Fishers must not wrangle.

If the sun's excessive heat
Make our bodies swelter,
To an osier hedge we get
For a friendly shelter;
Where, in a dike,
Perch or Pike,
Roach or Dace,
We do chase;
Bleak or Gudgeon,
Without grudging;
We are still contented.

Or we sometimes pass an hour
Under a green willow,
That defends us from a shower,
Making earth our pillow;
Where we may
Think and pray
Before death
Stops our breath.
Other joys
Are but toys,
And to be lamented.

Io. CHALKHILL.

VENATOR. Well sung, master; this day's fortune and pleasure, and the night's company and song, do all make me more and more in love with angling. Gentlemen, my master left me alone for an hour this day; and I verily believe he retired himself from talking with me that he might be so perfect in this song. Was it not, master?

PISCATOR. Yes indeed, for it is many years since I learned it; and having forgotten a part of it, I was forced to patch it up with the help of mine own invention, who am not excellent at poetry, as my part of the song may testify; but of that I will say no more, lest you should think I mean, by discommending it, to beg your commendations of it. And therefore, without replications, let's hear your catch, scholar; which I hope will be a good one, for you are both musical and have a good fancy to boot.

VENATOR. Marry, and that you shall; and as freely as I would have my honest master tell me some more secrets of fish and fishing, as we walk and fish towards London to-morrow. But, master, first let me tell you, that very hour which you were absent from me, I sat down under a willow tree by the water-side, and considered what you had told me of the owner of that pleasant meadow in which you then left me; that he had a plentiful estate, and not a heart to think so; that he had at this time many law-suits depending; and that they both damped his mirth, and took up so much of his time and thoughts, that he himself had not leisure to take the sweet content that I, who pretended no title to them, took in his fields. For I could there sit quietly; and looking on the water, see some fishes sport themselves in the silver streams, others leaping at flies of several shapes and colours; looking on the hills, I could behold them spotted with woods and groves; looking down the meadows, could see, here a boy gathering lilies and lady-smocks, and there a girl cropping culverkeys and cowslips, all to make garlands suitable to this present month of May. These, and many other field flowers, so perfumed the air, that I thought that very meadow like that field in Sicily of which Diodorus speaks, where the perfumes arising from the place make all dogs that hunt in it to fall off, and to lose their hottest scent. I say, as I thus sat, joying in my own happy condition, and pitying this poor rich man that owned this and many other pleasant groves and meadows about me, I did thankfully remember what my Saviour said, that the meek possess the earth; or rather, they enjoy what the others possess and enjoy not; for anglers and meek quiet-spirited men are free from those high, those restless thoughts, which corrode the sweets of life; and they, and they only, can say, as the poet has happily exprest it

Hail ! blest estate of lowliness ;
Happy enjoyments of such minds
As, rich in self-contentedness,
Can, like the reeds, in roughest winds,
By yielding make that blow but small
At which proud oaks and cedars fall.

There came also into my mind at that time, certain verses in praise of a mean estate and humble mind: they were written by Phineas Fletcher, an excellent divine, and an excellent angler; and the author of excellent *Piscatory Eclogues*, in which you shall see the picture of this good man's mind: and I wish mine to be like it.

No empty hopes, no courtly fears him fright ;
No begging wants his middle fortune bite :
But sweet content exiles both misery and spite.

His certain life, that never can deceive him,
Is full of thousand sweets, and rich content ;
The smooth-leav'd beeches in the field receive him,
With coolest shade, till noon-tide's heat be spent.
His life is neither tost in boisterous seas,
Or the vexatious world, or lost in slothful ease ;
Pleas'd and full blest he lives, when he his God can please.

His bed, more safe than soft, yields quiet sleeps,
While by his side his faithful spouse has place ;
His little son into his bosom creeps,
The lively picture of his father's face.
His humble house or poor state ne'er torment him ;
Less he could like, if less his God had lent him ;
And when he dies, green turfs do for a tomb content him.

Gentlemen, these were a part of the thoughts that then possessed me. And I there made a conversion of a piece of an old catch, and added more to it, fitting them to be sung by us anglers. Come, Master, you can sing well: you must sing a part of it, as it is in this paper:

Man's life is but vain ; for 'tis subject to pain,
And sorrow, and short as a bubble ;
'Tis a hodge-podge of business, and money, and care,
And care, and money, and trouble.

But we'll take no care when the weather proves fair;
Nor will we vex now though it rain;
We'll banish all sorrow, and sing till to-morrow,
And angle, and angle again.

PETER. I marry, Sir, this is music indeed; this has cheer'd my heart, and made me remember six verses in praise of music, which I will speak to you instantly.

Music! miraculous rhetoric, thou speak'st sense
Without a tongue, excelling eloquence;
With what ease might thy errors be excus'd,
Wert thou as truly lov'd as th' art abus'd!
But though dull souls neglect, and some reprove thee,
I cannot hate thee, 'cause the Angels love thee.

VENATOR. And the repetition of these last verses of music has called to my memory what Mr. Edmund Waller, a lover of the angle, says of love and music.

Whilst I listen to thy voice,
Chloris! I feel my heart decay;
That powerful voice
Calls my fleeting soul away:
Oh! suppress that magic sound,
Which destroys without a wound.

Peace, Chloris! peace, or singing die,
That together you and I
To heaven may go;
For all we know
Of what the blessed do above,
Is, that they sing, and that they love.

PISCATOR. Well remembered, brother Peter! These verses came seasonably, and we thank you heartily. Come, we will all join together, my host and all, and sing my scholar's catch over again; and then each man drink the t'other cup, and to bed; and thank God we have a dry house over our heads.

PISCATOR. Well, now good-night to everybody.

PETER. And so say I.

VENATOR. And so say I.

CORIDON. Good-night to you all; and I thank you.

THE FIFTH DAY.

PISCATOR. Good-morrow, brother Peter, and the like to you, honest Coridon.

Come, my hostess says there is seven shillings to pay: let's each man drink a pot for his morning's draught, and lay down his two shillings, so that my hostess may not have occasion to repent herself of being so diligent, and using us so kindly.

PETER. The motion is liked by everybody, and so, hostess, here's your money: we anglers are all beholden to you; it will not be long ere I'll see you again. And now, brother Piscator, I wish you, and my brother your scholar, a fair day and good fortune. Come, Coridon, this is our way.

XX.

BALLAD.

THE BAILIFF'S DAUGHTER OF ISLINGTON.

THERE was a youth, and a well-belov'd youth,
And he was a squire's son,
He loved the bailiff's daughter dear,
That lived in Islington.

She was coy, and she would not believe
That he did love her so,
No, nor at any time she would
Any countenance to him show.

But when his friends did understand
His fond and foolish mind,
They sent him up to fair London,
An apprentice for to bind.

And when he had been seven long years,
And his love he had not seen,
"Many a tear have I shed for her sake
When she little thought of me."

All the maids of Islington
Went forth to sport and play;
All but the bailiff's daughter dear:
She silently stole away.

She put off her gown of gray
And put on her puggish attire;
She's up to fair London gone,
Her true-love to require.

As she went along the road,
The weather being hot and dry,
There was she aware of her true-love,
At length came riding by.

She stept to him, as red as any rose,
And took him by the bridle-ring:
"I pray you, kind sir, give me one penny,
To ease my weary limb."

"I prithee, sweetheart, canst thou tell me
Where that thou wast born?"
"At Islington, kind sir," said she,
"Where I have had many a scorn."

"I prithee, sweetheart, canst thou tell me
Whether thou dost know
The bailiff's daughter of Islington?"
"She's dead, sir, long ago."

"Then I will sell my goodly steed,
My saddle and my bow;
I will into some far country,
Where no man doth me know."

"O stay, O stay, thou goodly youth!
She's alive, she is not dead;
Here she standeth by thy side,
And is ready to be thy bride."

"O farewell grief and welcome joy,
Ten thousand times and more!
For now I have seen my own true love,
That I thought I should have seen no more.'

NOTES

I.—SIR THOMAS BROWNE.

(i.) Religio Medici.

For general information about the author, see the Introduction.

Fully to appreciate the flowing melody of the style, this work should be read aloud.

3. **scandal of my Profession.** There was a saying about doctors—*Ubi tres medici duo athei.*
38. **the Person by whom.** Some say Luther is meant.
44. **Resolutions** means people of resolve, as in such phrases as 'choice spirits,' 'wits,' and 'great minds.' The 'desperate resolutions' are the Roman Catholics. This is a favourite usage with our author. *Cf.* 'zeals' below. And the phrase 'shake hands with' means 'say good-bye to.'
50. **Improperations,** taunts and insults. The word is taken from the Latin of the Vulgate (or Latin version of the New Testament).
63. resolved = free. From the Latin.
74. **sensible,** visible, perceptible, its more proper passive sense.
84. **Ave-Mary bell,** what we call the Angelus. It rings at six and twelve o'clock, summoning good Catholics to prayer, which is commonly the prayer 'Hail Mary,' the salutation of the Angel at the Annunciation.
84. **elevation,** presumably metaphorical, an elevation of soul.
94. **African Churches**—such as the Coptic Church of Egypt or the Church of Abyssinia.
115. **to difference myself nearer,** to define my views more closely.
126. **Luther.** It was in 1517 that Martin Luther nailed his Protestant Propositions to the door of the church at Wittenberg.
127. **Calvin** (1509-1564) was the great reformer of Geneva whose doctrines had so wide an effect in Scotland. His chief points were the assertion of predestination and original sin.
128. **Council of Trent** (1545-1563) was the answer of Rome to Luther. It formulated the doctrines of Roman Catholicism as they are now asserted. Trent is in Austria.
129. **Synod of Dort,** or Dordrecht in Holland, was held in 1619. The assembled Protestant divines proclaimed their adherence to the teaching of Calvin.

139. **State of Venice.** In 1606 the republic of Venice, having quarrelled with Pope Paul V., threatened to secede.

149. **Satyrs,** he means 'satires.' The two words are quite distinct in origin. Satire (probably from Lat. *lanx satura,* a hodge-podge or mixed stew) was a form of literature developed by Horace and Juvenal into that severe style of criticism which we call by the same. A satyr is a creature of mythology, half man, half goat, and the name enters into the history of literature only because the Greeks had a form of drama called 'satyric,' because it dealt with these monsters as the servants of Bacchus.

179. **Œdipus,** the hero of the tragedies of Sophocles, is here introduced as the man who solved the riddle of the Sphinx; it means, therefore, 'solver of problems.'

184. **Paradoxical.** A paradox is that which is true in spite of appearances. A typical paradox of the Stoic philosophy is that 'only the philosopher is king.'

185. **implicite** has a meaning here very different from our use of 'implicit faith.' It means rather 'complicated,' as does the Lat. *implicite.*

188. **epicycle** is a small wheel having its centre on the circumference of a greater, meaning that he lets his own thoughts revolve with the motion of the Church.

208. **impregnant,** full of life.

216. **this is the ordinary . . . way.** His argument is that the providence of God works through nature, and not contrary to nature's laws.

219. **not Prophesie but Prognostication,** requires no inspiration, but may be inferred from visible signs. St. John *prophesies* the end of the world by revelation; the scientist *prognosticates* it by deduction and argument.

220. **Meanders and Labyrinths,** crooked and obscure ways. Mæander was a river of Asia Minor famous for its windings. Labyrinth was the maze constructed by King Minos of Crete to house the Minotaur. The origin of the legend has recently been discovered by Mr. A. Evans in Crete, where he has laid bare the intricate ground-plan of an ancient palace.

221. **ephemerides,** journals or chronicles, an ancient Greek word used by the modern Greeks for a newspaper. The word was used especially for the astrologer's daily chart of the heavens, by which his prognostications were made.

224. **Essences,** beings, creatures.

230. **Bezo las Manos** (Spanish), 'I kiss the hands'—*i.e.*, a salute. It is explained by the succeeding phrase, for 'Gramercy' (*grand merci*) means 'Many thanks.'

237. **rubs,** a metaphor from the game of bowls, very common in Elizabethan writers—*e.g.*, Hamlet's 'Ay, there's the rub.' A 'rub' was made when one ball struck another and so was diverted from its course. Metaphorically it means 'obstacle.' Possibly the words 'doublings' and 'wrenches' are metaphors of the same kind.

240 **Fougade** alludes to the famous Gunpowder Plot of 1605, then fresh in people's memory. The story of Lord Monteagle's anonymous letter is well known. The letter did miscarry, in a sense, for it was not intended to reach the King.

242. **Victory of '88** is, of course, the defeat of the Spanish Armada.
256. **the Grand Seignour,** or the Grand Turk, is the Emperor of Turkey.
268. **Zenith,** the top-most point, originally the vertical centre of the sky; as 'meridian' below (l. 277).
271. **Helix** (Greek) is a spiral.
298. **the eighth Climate.** The climates (*κλίματα*) were spaces of latitude marked off on the earth's surface; our modern sense arose from this.
299. **constellated,** adopted by the stars that ruled his birth.
315. **Hydra,** the many-headed snake killed by Hercules.
326. **Doradoes.** The dorado is a fish, possibly the gold-fish. By 'ignorant Doradoes' he means 'gilded fools.'
332. **preheminence.** There is no justification for the insertion of this *h*.
333. **byas** is another bowling metaphor.

(ii.) Urn-burial.

The thought of death and burial has led our author to the vanity of ambition. Here he is discoursing upon the capricious bestowal of fame and glory.

4. **had not been.** This substitution of the more vivid pluperfect indicative for the pluperfect subjunctive 'would have been' is a Latinism.
5. **iniquity,** unfairness; another Latinism.
6. **her poppy.** The poppy, from its connection with opium, means 'forgetfulness.'
7. **without distinction to merit of perpetuity,** without regard to the amount of fame that they have deserved.
8. **the founder of the Pyramids.** Research has, however, made known to us the name of Cheops and his works.
8. **Herostratus** was a foolish Ephesian who set fire to the Temple of Diana, the largest building in the world, in order to gain renown. The temple was several times rebuilt, and we may say that the original builder's name is quite lost.
10. **Adrian's horse.** Time has apparently already redressed the balance between Hadrian and his horse, for the epitaph of the horse is unknown to-day, while the address of Hadrian to his soul beginning *Animula, vagula, blandula* is one of the best-known things in later Latin. Dio Cassius tells us only this (LXIX. 10): 'Borysthenes, his horse, which he loved above all creatures, is a testimony to his love of animals. For when it died he actually built a tomb for it, and set up a gravestone, and wrote an epitaph upon it.' What that epitaph was is unknown to the editors, and the present editor has been unable to discover it. The works of Ausonius contain an epitaph to the horse of a later Emperor. Hadrian was Emperor of Rome from 117 to 138 A.D., and, if not his epitaph, his tomb certainly survives, for it is the 'Castle of St. Angelo' which forms such a conspicuous figure in modern Rome.
13. **Thersites** was an ugly, peevish, and altogether disagreeable member of the Greek army at Troy. He is the only commoner named by Homer, and is soundly buffeted by the Princes when he dares to

criticise them. King Agamemnon was the leader of the whole army.

21. **hired** probably means bribed. Immortality cannot be bought.
24. **twenty-seven names**; reckoning all the names that appear in the first five chapters of Genesis up to the Flood. The concluding part of this sentence means, I take it, that the whole number of recorded names ever since the Flood does not equal the number of people who live in one century.
28. **equinox.** Stripped of the metaphor, he means that the years past exceed the years to come in number, and who can tell when was the central point in the whole space of Time?
30. **Lucina** was the Latin goddess of child-birth. Death is the gate of Life—*Mors janua vitæ.*
31. **Pagans could doubt**; referring to the famous paradox of Euripides, 'Who knows if death be life?'
32. **right descensions**, an astronomical phrase.
33. **makes but winter arches.** The course of the sun is naturally a lower arc in the winter than in the summer. So our author speaks of our brief portion of life as a winter's day.
35. **the brother of Death** is Sleep. Vergil, *Æneid*, VI. 278: *Leti consanguineus Sopor.* Vergil borrows this brilliant phrase from Homer, *Iliad*, XIV. 231.
37. **diuturnity**, length of days.
44. **To weep into stones are fables**, such as the story of Niobe, who turned into a rock through weeping for her slain children. The grammar of *are* is astonishing.
45. **induce callosities**, make a person callous. A callosity is one of Sir T. Browne's professional words; it means a hardening of the skin.
53. **transmigration**, or the doctrine of metempsychosis, was the belief that after this life the soul passes into another body, possibly of an animal or a vegetable, according to its character. Pythagoras taught this doctrine; it is also held by the Buddhists.
60. **common being.** This notion of a world-spirit or 'public soul' which infuses itself into all things, and to which all souls return, is that of Plato in his *Timæus* and of Pythagoras also. The student will probably be acquainted with the passage in Vergil's *Sixth Æneid*, where he gives fine expression to this belief—*Mens agitat molem*, etc.

64 **sweet consistencies**, the spicy substances of the embalmer.

66. **Cambyses**, King of the Medes, defeated and conquered Egypt.
68. **Mizraim.** 'Mummies' appear in the Pharmacopeia, or list of medicines, of that date. 'Mizraim' is in the Hebrew a dual form, meaning Upper and Lower Egypt. Our author uses it as if it were a title of the Pharaohs.

II.—GEORGE HERBERT.

For all that need be known concerning the quiet life of this holy man, see the Introduction. He is a good example of a very common phenomenon in this book, the Elizabethan love-poet transformed into a poet of religion. His passion, his conceits, are those of the Elizabethan amourist. A

noticeable feature of him and his fellows is a love of curious titles. His book is called *The Temple*, and the title of this poem is far-fetched. The desire for Rest is the pulley that is to draw man to God.

THE PULLEY.

5. **a spanne**, the space of a hand's breadth.
16. **the rest.** The occurrence of this word in the sense of 'the remainder' in a poem which has for its central word 'Rest' in the sense of quiet is a characteristic blemish. I do not believe that it was unintentional, but that it was intended, as a conceit, to echo with 'restlessness' in the next line.

III.—COMUS.

In the Introduction we have already discussed the place of this poem among Milton's works. We may add that the poet was twenty-five years old at the time of its composition, and that it belongs to his period of retired contemplation at his father's country house. The persons of the masque are thus given:

THE ATTENDANT SPIRIT, afterwards in the habit of THYRSIS.
COMUS, with his Crew.
THE LADY . . . . The Lady Alice Egerton.
FIRST BROTHER . . . The Lord Brackley.
SECOND BROTHER . . Mr. Thomas Egerton, his Brother.
SABRINA, the Nymph.

The principal actors here mentioned were the three children of the Earl of Bridgewater, and the plot of the masque was suggested to the poet by the fact that they had recently, when on a visit to some friends in Herefordshire, been benighted in Haywood Forest, and the Lady Alice for some time lost. The music was composed by Henry Lawes, a Vicar-Choral of Salisbury Cathedral, then Master of Music to the Earl of Bridgewater. Milton has a fine sonnet to him. He is said to have taken the part of the Spirit and Thyrsis in this performance.

The masque is only in form a drama. It was not performed by actors in a theatre, and it is, therefore, absurd to complain that there is a want of dramatic power in the plot or characterization. The requirements of a masque are: Firstly, fine rhetoric for declamation; secondly, complimentary allusions to the persons honoured; and, thirdly, scope for music and scenic display. All these conditions are admirably fulfilled. Milton has, in addition, impressed the conventional masque with his own powerful character, and has turned what might have been a mere show into a majestic plea for the virtues of temperance and chastity.

7. **pester'd**, from Fr. *empêtrer*, to picket or hobble a horse, shackled. **pinfold**, originally *pound-fold*, a fold where stray cattle were impounded.
16. **ambrosial weeds**, the immortal garb of a spirit. Ambrosia is in Homer the food of the gods, and the meaning of the word is 'immortal.'
20. **high and nether Jove.** According to Greek mythology, after the deposition of Cronos, Zeus (here called 'high Jove') took possession of the sky, Poseidon, or Neptune, ruled the sea, and Pluto ('nether

Jove') the lower world of the dead. **nether**, as in 'the nether mill-stone' and 'the Netherlands,' means 'lower.'

25. **by course** = in turns.
31. **Peer**, the Earl of Bridgewater, President of Wales. **mickle**, 'much' or 'great,' still used in Scotland, as in the proverb 'Many a muckle makes a mickle'; and in Shakespeare we have it: 'O mickle is the powerful grace that lies In herbs, and stones, and their true properties' (*Romeo and Juliet*).
46. Milton is here adding, in Professor Masson's words, 'a brand-new god, no less, to the classic Pantheon.' Comus is a Greek word meaning 'revelry.' Ben Jonson had used the name as synonymous with 'gluttony,' as in Dekker and Massinger. Milton makes him the offspring of Bacchus, representing sensual pleasure, and Circe, representing enchantment.
48. **Tuscan mariners**. Certain Etrurian or Tyrrhenian pirates with whom the god was sailing plotted to capture him and sell him as a slave. Bacchus turned them into dolphins.
49. **Tyrrhene** is the same as Tuscan. **listed** = chose.
50. **Circe** (two syllables) is the Enchantress of Homer's *Odyssey*, who turned the crew of Odysseus into swine.
59. **frolic**, as Ger. *fröhlich* = happy, is here an adjective, its earlier use.
60. **Celtic and Iberian**—*i.e.*, through France and Spain.
66. **the drouth of Phœbus**, the thirst caused by the sun.
71. **ounce**, a leopard; Lat., *felis uncia*.
83. **Iris' woof**. Iris was the goddess of the rainbow, the messenger of the Greek gods. **woof**, the noun of the verb 'weave,' means 'fabric.'
84. **swain**, rustic, shepherd. The lines that follow compliment the composer, Henry Lawes, who took this part.
93. **Star**, the evening star, Hesperus, whose rising is the signal for the shepherds to drive their sheep to the fold. This glorious song is now known to us in the fine setting of Dr. Arne.
96. The golden chariot of the sun quenches the heat of its axles in the high waves of the Atlantic. The mythological astronomy of this is purely classical.
98. **slope sun**. 'Slope' is here an adjective; the rays of the sun, which has sunk behind the sea, are oblique.
110. **saws**, 'wise saws,' maxims and proverbial philosophy.
116. **Morrice**, the Morris-dance, a favourite rustic dance in quaint costume. The word is properly 'Moorish,' the dance having been introduced, like most dances, from Spain.
121. **wakes**, watchings, all-night merry-makings, originally religious in character. The Irish 'wake,' often of a very jovial nature, is the watching at the bed of a corpse.
125. **rights**, a confusion with 'rites,' from Lat. *ritus*.
127. **dun** = dark.
129. **Cotytto**, originally a Thracian goddess, was associated in Greece with wild licentiousness of worship.
132. **spets**, spits.
134. **chair**, is here = car.
135. **Hecat**, a mysterious Greek goddess of night and witch-craft. Shakespeare introduces her in the Witch Scene of *Macbeth*, and also pronounces her name as a dissyllable.

139. **nice morn** here means 'fastidious.' The history of the word is curious. (1) Lat. *nescius*, ignorant; (2) fastidious; (3) dainty; (4) pleasant or good. **Indian steep**, on the mountains of the East.

144. **light fantastic round**; the phrase, of course, reminds us of 'the light fantastic toe' in *L'Allegro*. There are many similarities between these two poems, which were probably composed at proximate dates.

147. **shrouds**, coverts. **brakes** = bushes.

153. The actor at this point produces a scenic effect with some sort of fireworks or burning perfumes.

155. **blear**, as in 'blear-eyed,' the same word as 'blur.' Here an adjective.

169. There are two readings here. Beside that in the text, which is preferred by Mr. Beeching, the *Errata* to the 1673 edition reads, and Professor Masson adopts: 'And hearken, if I may her business hear.'

174. **hinds**, rustics.

177. **thank the gods amiss**. Here the Puritan in Milton rebukes the rustic merriment of the harvest-home. All such pleasures and ceremonies of country life were destroyed for ever by the Puritans, and the name 'Merrie England' became once and for all inappropriate.

179. **wassailers**, from the Anglo-Saxon greeting of 'Waes hael,' 'Good health to you.' At Christmas the wassail-bowl was carried by revellers with songs and dances from house to house. This custom also was killed by the Puritans.

180. **inform** means to guide; Lat. *informare*, to instruct.

187. This account does not quite agree with that in l. 282.

189. **in palmer's weed**, in the dress of a pilgrim. A **votarist** is a person under a vow.

212. **siding**, standing at one's side to assist.

230. **Echo** is here the 'genius of sound.' She lives in a shell because of the resonant quality of shells. She loved Narcissus, according to Ovid, because Narcissus represents the quality of 'reflexion' in sights, as she in sounds. Narcissus fell in love with his own image in a pool, and so was drowned. The mention of the river Meander, a river of Asia Minor, which from its sinuous course has given a word to our language, is not so easily explained. Probably the turns and twists of the river are considered appropriate to the echoing of sound.

241. **Queen of Parley**; parley (Fr. *parler*) is here simply 'speech.' **Daughter of the Sphere**; this refers (as do the phrases 'starry quire' in l. 112, and 'sphery chime' in l. 1021) to an ancient belief that the planets in their revolutions emitted various notes, and together formed a harmony inaudible to the mortal ears of mankind. The idea was originally due to the ancient Greek philosopher Pythagoras, and the allusions to 'the music of the spheres' are very numerous throughout literature (see especially Shakespeare, *Merchant of Venice*, Act V., Scene 1, l. 64).

253, 254. The **Sirens** were sea-nymphs who lured sailors to destruction by their song. **Naiades** are nymphs of river and spring. A **kirtle** is a skirt.

257. **lap it in Elysium**, enfold it in heaven. **Scylla** and **Charybdis**, like Circe and the Sirens, represent some of the perils which beset Ulysses in the *Odyssey* of Homer. Scylla was a female monster surrounded with barking dogs, doubtless personifying a rock with

white breakers; Charybdis was a whirlpool. They both guarded a dangerous passage, said to be the Straits of Messina between Italy and Sicily, which is, as a matter of fact, a broad passage between two perfectly safe sandy beaches.

262. **home-felt,** means 'heart-felt,' as in such expressions as 'it struck *home*,' a 'home thrust,' 'to bring a thing home to a person.'

268. **Pan, or Silvan.** Pan was the Arcadian god of shepherds, **Silvanus** the deity of woods.

271. **ill is lost,** 'it is badly lost,' or (as Masson) 'there is little loss in losing.'

277. This dialogue, consisting of complete single lines, is directly modelled on a usage of Greek drama. It is called *Stichomuthia*, and is frequently used to elicit a narrative. It is alien to the spirit of our language, and always sounds a little strange. Matthew Arnold is the only English poet who has used it to any extent, though it is found in the Elizabethan dramatists. The whole passage here reads like a literal translation from Sophocles.

286. 'How easy it seems to guess my trouble!'

290. **Hebe** was the cup-bearer of the Homeric gods; her name means 'Youthful prime.'

293. **swink't**; to 'swink' is to labour; a common word in Chaucer and his period.

294. **mantling,** spreading; the word properly means to cover, and is especially applied to a blush.

297. **port,** bearing.

299. **element,** here means 'air.'

301. **plighted clouds,** united, compact.

313. **bosky** and bushy are originally the same word.

315. **stray attendance,** attendants who have gone astray.

318. **pallet,** bed. Milton is guilty of a mistake in natural history if he supposes that the lark 'roosts' or sleeps in its nest on the ground.

329. **square** = fit or adjust. **proportioned** is also part of the predicate, a classical 'proleptic' use.

341. **Star of Arcady or Tyrian Cynosure.** The research displayed in these 'learned epithets' is typically classical, especially in Vergil. The constellation of the Lesser Bear was called in Greek Cynos Oura, 'the dog's tail,' from its shape. Both the Lesser and the Great Bear were associated by mythology with Arcadia. The Arcadian nymph Callisto was turned into the Great Bear, and Arcas, her son, into the Lesser Bear. The Lesser Bear is called Tyrian, because the Phœnicians of Tyre were the great sailors of antiquity, and steered by it. Milton uses the word 'Cynosure' again in *L'Allegro*, whence it has passed into modern journalistic English in the phrase 'the Cynosure of all eyes.' The whole phrase means, then, 'thou shalt be our guiding-star,' since the stars of the Bear point to the north. Doubtless Milton derives his information from this couplet of Ovid's *Fasti* (III. 107).

Esse duas Arctos; quorum Cynosura petatur
Sidoniis, Helicen Graia carina notet.

'There are two Bears, whereof the men of Sidon steer for Cynosura, and the Greek vessel marks Helice (or the Great Bear).'

344. **wattled cotes**, sheep-folds made of wattles or hurdles.
345. **pastoral reed with oaten stops.** In the classical pastorals, such as Vergil's *Eclogues*, the shepherds perform their tunes upon pipes made variously of reeds, hemlock, or oat-straw, jointed with wax, like the modern pan-pipes. So in *Lycidas*, 'Scrannel pipes of wretched straw.'
359. **exquisite**, here = inquisitive.
360. **cast**, to calculate.
367. **so to seek**, so wanting.
375. Milton is here expressing his own feelings. He was at this time preparing for his life's mission in contemplative retirement at Horton.
380. **to-ruffled** : 'to' is an old intensifying prefix, generally preceded by the word 'all.' *Cf.* in *The Chaucer Epoch*, XIII. 269, 'Were all to-hewn and sticked at the board.'
382. **centre** (or, as Milton and modern America spells it, 'center') means the middle of the earth, in subterranean darkness.
393. **Hesperian tree.** According to Greek legend, in the islands of the Hesperides, far West beyond the Pillars of Hercules, there was a giant Atlas who bore up the heavens ; his daughters, the Hesperides, had the custody of a tree which bore the golden apples of Hera, and the tree itself was guarded by a dragon that slept neither day nor night.
401. **wink on**, shut its eyes at.
408. **infer**, argue.
413. **squint**, an adjective here : Suspicion with its sidelong glances ; a fine personification.
429. **shagg'd**, shaggy.
431. **be it not**, if it be not.
436. **swart** means dark ; **of the mine**, subterranean.
443. **brinded**, brindled, streaked with dark colour ; as in *Macbeth* : 'Thrice the brinded cat hath mewed.'
461. **temple of the mind** is the body. These lines may be paraphrased thus : Until frequent association with the angels begins to show its illuminating effect upon the outward shape, the pure body, and gradually transforms it into the immortal substance of which souls are made. Warton well compares a passage in Plato's *Phædo*, 80 D, from which this is almost verbally translated.
468. **imbodies and imbrutes**, becomes material and brutal.
483. **night-foundered**, sunk or overwhelmed in the darkness.
495. Observe that these eighteen lines are rhymed couplets.
509. **sadly**, in the earlier sense of sad, 'seriously.'
517. **Chimeras.** Chimera was a monster of Greek mythology slain by the hero Bellerophon. 'In front a Lion, behind a Snake, in the middle a She-goat.'
520. **navel**, centre.
526. **murmurs**, spells.
529. **mintage**, the stamp of a coin at the Mint. 'Character' has much the same meaning according to its Greek etymology.
531. a **croft** is a small peasant's farm.
539. **unweeting**, unwitting, ignorant.
562. **the ribs of Death.** The metaphor is taken from the story of Eve's

creation out of Adam's rib. The phrase means 'would make a dead man live.'

585. **period** = sentence.

604. **Acheron**, the river of Hades. **Harpies** were monstrous forms, half woman, half bird, who seized and defiled the food of Æneas and his men in Vergil. **Hydra** was the many-headed water-snake killed by Hercules.

619. **shepherd lad.** The common idea that this refers to a special friend of Milton is, as I think, discounted by the succeeding line, which is far from complimentary. Could the poet have described Charles Diodati, the hero of his exquisite Latin elegy, *Epitaphium Damoni*, as 'not much to look at'?

635. **clouted shoon**, patched boots; 'shoon' is an example of the older plural in *n*, which we have in *oxen* and *brethren*.

636. In this line the *i* of *med'cinal* is to be pronounced very short. **then** = than, as commonly at this and all earlier periods. The words are originally the same, and this fact explains why 'than' does not govern an objective case. **Moly** is the magical herb which the god Hermes gives to Ulysses to save him from the enchantments of Circe. 'At the root,' says Homer, 'it was black, but its flower was like milk; the gods call it mōly (μῶλυ) but 'tis hard for mortal men to dig. Howbeit the gods can do all things' (*Odyssey*, X. 304).

638. **Hæmony.** This name does not come into the original. Hæmonia was, however, another name for Thessaly, and Thessaly was famous for magic and drugs.

646. **lime-twigs**, snare, from the mode of catching birds by smearing bird-lime on twigs.

660. **Alablaster**, a misspelling, often repeated, of 'alabaster,' a kind of semi-transparent marble.

661. **Daphne** the nymph, pursued by Apollo, was transformed into a laurel-tree.

672. **julep**, a word of Eastern origin signifying originally rose-water; came to be used for various cordial drinks.

675. According to Homer (*Odyssey*, IV. 221) Polydamna, wife of Thōn, an Egyptian enchantress, gave a drug to Helen, daughter of Zeus, to bring forgetfulness. 'Nepenthes' is a Greek adjective meaning 'sorrow-averting,' and is applied as an epithet to this drug in the passage quoted.

685. **unexempt condition**, a condition from which none are exempt.

695. **oughly.** I have retained Milton's strange spelling of 'ugly' for the interesting light which it throws upon yet another pronunciation of the English 'ough.' There seems little doubt that Milton pronounced the word as we do. An older English form is 'ugsome.' The word is supposed to be derived from a root meaning 'fear.'

698. **visor'd**, masked. The 'visor' was the face-covering of a helmet.

700. **lickerish**, delicate, dainty; connected with Ger. *lecker*, dainty, and A.S. *liccera*, a glutton. The word will be found in the selection from *Piers Plowman* given in *The Chaucer Epoch*. It has no connection whatever with 'liquor,' and is wrongly spelt 'liquorish' in modern texts.

707. **budge.** 'Bogey' or 'budge' was a name given to lambskin or rabbit-fur (see *The Chaucer Epoch*, where it adorns the dress of young Paston). I believe the word here to have a scornful sense, like 'shoddy,' 'budge' being a cheap kind of fur. By 'Stoick fur' Milton makes reference to the furred hoods used at the Universities (as now for the B.A. hood). The Stoics were a sect of philosophers founded by Zeno, the Greek, whose tenets—*e.g.*, that 'Virtue is the only Good,' and that death is to be sought rather than feared—were highly popular in ancient Rome. Comus, then, sneers at those false doctors who wear the garb of a Stoic philosopher.

708. **Cynic tub,** alluding to the story of Diogenes the Cynic philosopher, who, to show his contempt for luxury and the 'non-essentials,' lived in a tub, where he was visited by Alexander the Great.

721. **a pet,** a sudden fit. **pulse** is a kind of porridge made of beans; so **frieze** is a coarse kind of cloth.

743. The sentiment is closely akin to that of Herrick's famous song (VIII. vi.); it is also the burden of many of Shakespeare's sonnets.

750. **grain,** means originally 'dye,' hence 'colour.' **teaze,** a technical term for the carding or combing of wool.

760. **bolt,** to sift or refine (a technical term of the mill); here metaphorical for 'chopping logic.'

805. **Saturn's crew.** Saturn (or Cronos) was the father of Jove (or Zeus) according to the mythologists. He really represents the deity of an older race, and the poets make Saturn and his crew the Earth-born Giants, or Titans, rise in revolt against the usurper. The wrath of Jove threatens them with his thunder and a return to their imprisonment in the place of Darkness (Erebos).

808. **canon laws.** He speaks as if Comus and his motley rout were boun by the regulations of a college or monastery.

816. 'Unless we reverse his rod and mutter backwards spells to break the power of his magic we cannot set the lady free.' **backward mutters**: it is an essential part of magic that a prayer or a blessing uttered backwards has the effect of a curse; and contrariwise here the spell uttered backwards will break the spell.

822. **Melibœus,** like Thyrsis, is one of Vergil's names for shepherds.

823. **soothest**=truest, as in the phrases 'in sooth' and 'forsooth.'

826. According to the legend told by Geoffrey of Monmouth and Layamon in his *Brut* and other earlier chroniclers who designed to link the obscure early history of this island with the heroic stories of Vergil and Homer, Brutus, the great-grandson of Æneas, made his way to Britain and founded Trinovantum, or New Troy, afterwards London. One of his sons was Locrine, who became King of England and conquered Humber, King of the invading Huns. From Humber he captured a fair German maid, Estrilidis, loved her, and, secretly marrying her, had a daughter Sabra. But he was pledged to Gwendolen, the daughter of a Cornish king Corineus, and through reasons of State married her. When Corineus died, Locrine divorced Gwendolen and made Estrilidis his queen. The 'enraged stepdame' gathered an army, defeated and killed Locrine, and threw her rival Estrilidis, with the fair

maid Sabra, into the river which was called after her, Sabrina or Severn. Thus the story is told by Milton himself in his *History of Britain*. It is, of course, wholly mythological, and the name *Sabrina* is as clearly formed out of *Severn* as *Corineus* from *Cornwall* and *Trinovantum* from the tribe of the *Trinobantes* (see *The Spenser Epoch*, I.).

836. **lank**, slender. Here it means something like 'languid.' We use 'lanky'=tall and slender.

838. **nectar'd lavers**, baths fragrant with nectar. The asphodel is a Greek flower, not adequately identified, but common in the poets.

845. **urchin blasts**. The urchin is strictly the *echinus*, or hedgehog, which was believed to have fatal powers against cattle.

847. **precious-vial'd**, liquors contained in precious vials. It appears to me necessary to insert the hyphen, otherwise 'vial'd' is almost meaningless.

863. **amber-dropping**, as 'dropping odours, dropping wine' above. Liquid amber was a kind of perfume.

868, etc. The Spirit invokes Sabrina in the name of all the sea-deities of Greek mythology.

869 **earth-shaking** is Homer's constant epithet for Poseidon. His mace is the 'trident,' originally a fish-spear, but afterwards an emblem of sea-power, and therefore a property of our Britannia.

870. **Tethys** was the wife of Oceanus.

872. **Carpathian wizard's hook**. Proteus, the old man of the sea, lived in a cave in the Carpathian gulf, with his herd of seals (whence the 'hook'); he was capable of transforming himself into all shapes (whence our adjective 'protean') and knew all secrets. See Vergil, *Georgic* IV., 381, etc.

873. **winding shell**, the conch, upon which he would 'wind' or blow trumpet notes.

875. **Leucothea** was formerly Ino. She brought up the young Bacchus, child of Zeus and Semele. Hera in jealousy punished her by driving her mad, and she flung herself and her own son Melicerta into the sea. Ino was transformed into a sea-nymph under the title of Leucothea, and Melicerta into a sea-god. See Vergil, *Georgic* IV.

877. **tinsel-slippered** is Milton's beautiful variant of Homer's 'silver-footed Thetis.'

878. **Sirens** (see l. 253). There are many different accounts of their number and their names. *Ligea* (shrill), is merely one of the sea-nymphs in Vergil, *Georgic* IV., which Milton seems here to be following. *Parthenope* was one of the Sirens who flung herself into the sea for love of Ulysses, and was cast up dead at Naples, which is her 'dear tomb' and was called Parthenope after her. It was Vergil's home and burying-place. This fact probably accounts for the epithet 'dear.'

902. Observe the art of the rhymes. Sabrina and the Spirit take up and repeat one another's rhymes.

917. **glutinous**, sticky.

923. **Anchises** was the father of Æneas and, therefore, great-great-grandfather of Brutus, and seventh in line of ancestry from Sabrina.

934. Her head is to be 'crowned round' (Greek *περιστέφω*) with towers and terraces as in many ancient statues the deity of a town or place wears a crown of towers; further her banks are to be 'crowned upon' (Greek *ἐπιστέφω*, used, or supposed to be used, especially of crowning a bowl of wine with flowers, and therefore very suitable to a river's crown of flowers) with spicy groves. This is substantially Professor Masson's interpretation, and the classical erudition implied by it is thoroughly in keeping with Milton's style; only, it may be remarked that the Greek verb for crowning is *ἐπιστέφω* and not *ἐπιστεφανόω*.

957. The decasyllabic verse at the end of an octosyllabic rhythm has the effect of the Alexandrine (12-syllable) line with which Spenser closes his stanza.

964. **mincing** describes the dainty dancing of the wood-nymphs as contrasted with the 'duck and nod' of the rustic dance.

982. **Hesperus and his daughters three.** See l. 393. Milton first wrote 'Atlas,' but corrected it to 'Hesperus,' taking the more correct view that the Hesperides were daughters of Hesperus, and that Atlas was their uncle.

984. **crisped** (Lat. *crispus*) means 'curled.'

995. **purfl'd scarf**, from Old French *pourfiler*, to embroider.

999. **Adonis**, originally an Eastern deity, a beautiful youth beloved by Ashtaroth or Astarte ('the abomination of the Sidonians'). The Greeks adopted the legend and made their Aphrodite, and the Romans their Venus, the heroine of it. Hence Shakespeare got his story of *Venus and Adonis*. But Milton shows deeper knowledge in calling her 'the Assyrian Queen.' Adonis was killed by a wild boar while hunting.

1005. The story of Cupid and Psyche is beautifully told by Apuleius. 'Psyche' is the Greek for 'the soul,' and the story is allegorical; so Milton regards it. Cupid is for him Heavenly Love and Psyche the human soul. The story tells chiefly of Psyche's wanderings in search of her two-winged lover, to whom she is finally united in immortality.

1015. **bow'd welkin**, the arched sky; *welkin* is connected with Ger. *Wolke*, a cloud.

1020. This is Milton's 'moral,' the summary of his 'divine philosophy.' He wrote these concluding lines in an album in Italy.

IV.—PARADISE LOST.

Book VI.

The Argument of *Paradise Lost* up to this point is as follows: In Book I. the poet explains his theme

> 'Of Man's first disobedience and the fruit
> Of that forbidden tree.'

He describes the fallen angels, their hopes of regaining heaven, and the council of the powers of darkness. As a result of this debate (Book II.) Satan sets out on a journey to Hell Gates to find the world, spoken of by

prophesy, the home of another kind of creature 'a little lower than the angels'; by Chaos he is directed to this world. In Book III. God sees him and declares to His Son His gracious purposes, while the good Angels worship. Satan flies to our universe and applies in disguise to Uriel, the Archangel, Regent of the Sun, for information about Man, and, so directed, alights on this world. In Book IV. Satan finds out Paradise: the Garden is described, and the life of Adam and Eve in it. Gabriel, warned by Uriel, sets a watch for Satan, and finds him tempting Eve. Satan is driven out by a sign from Heaven. In Book V. God sends Raphael to warn Adam and Eve of their enemy's designs, and Raphael visits them and tells them of the first revolt in heaven. In this book the war in heaven is described in the Homeric manner. The text of the book is Rev. xii. 7, 8: 'And there was war in heaven: Michael and his angels fought against the dragon; and the dragon fought and his angels, And prevailed not; neither was their place found any more in heaven.' It must not be forgotten that Raphael is speaking throughout this book.

1. **the Angel** is Abdiel, the Seraph, who alone of Satan's legions withstood his treasonable proposals and returned to heaven.
14. **empyreal** (Greek derivation), fiery; hence heaven is called 'the empyrean,' a favourite word in Milton.
19. **in procinct** (Lat. *in procinctu*), in readiness.
29. In these noble lines we may hear the voice of Milton in his retirement, his countrymen having one and all, as he would think, turned apostates from the cause of liberty.
42. **for their king**, the original cause of Lucifer's revolt being that he refused to serve Messiah as well as God.
69. **obvious**, the original sense of Lat. *obvius*, in the way.
73. **total kind**, a somewhat pedantic phrase for 'the whole tribe.' **thee**, in 76, means Adam, and the reference is to Gen. ii. 20: 'And Adam gave names to all the fowls of the air.'
78. **terrene**, the tract of the earth; here, I think, as usual, an adjective.
84. **argument**, proud mottoes on the shields.
93. **hosting**, hostile encounter, from Lat. *hostis*.
115. **realty**, may be either 'reality' or 'loyalty,' from an Italian word *realta*.
130. **securely**, another Latinism, the original meaning of *se-curus* being 'free from care.'
147. **sect**, my party.
153. **assay**, attempt. In Milton's line 'essay' was generally so spelt; this spelling is now confined to the testing of metals.
162. 'I will make (or let there be) this pause in the midst of the fighting to tell you, lest you should boast that your arguments have been unanswered.'
199. **thrones.** According to the medieval system, derived from a misunderstanding of St. Paul's words in Eph. i. 21, and Col. i. 16: 'For by Him were all things created, that are in heaven, and that are in earth, visible and invisible, whether thrones or dominions or principalities or powers,' there were three hierarchies of the heavenly kingdom: the first consisted of Seraphim, Cherubim and Thrones; the second of Dominations, Virtues and Powers; the third of Principalities, Archangels and Angels.

214. **vaulted**, covered them with a vault of fire.
215. **cope**, covering.
216. **battles**, for 'armies,' common in Shakespeare and Milton.
232. Although they were led in the fight, yet each was so skilled in war that he might have been General. **as in chief**, as if in chief command.
236. **ridges**, the ranks of the army.
239. **moment of victory**. Not in our sense of a small period of time, but in the Latin sense of *momentum*, an impulse that turns the scale between victory and defeat.
258. **surceas'd**. This word, though in meaning the same as 'to cease,' is quite distinct in etymology, being derived from Lat. *supersedere*.
277. **mingle broils**, cause riots; doubtless inspired by the Lat. phrase *miscere tumultus*.
288. **err not that**, compressed form of 'do not err by supposing that.'
313. **aspect malign**, an astrological phrase.
323. 'Michael's sword with the down-stroke cut that of Satan in two, and then with an up-stroke (*coup de revers*) sheared his side' (Keightley).
329. **griding**, cutting; a Spenserian word. **discontinuous** is a word from the language of surgery, and means 'dividing.'
332. **nectarous**. Here the angel bleeds the celestial moisture on which he may be supposed to have been nourished. In Homer 'ichor' was the blood of the gods.
335. **was run**, a pedantic Latinism. The impersonal construction of *concurritur* is quite alien to our language.
357. **Moloch**, the savage god of Ammon, to whom the apostate Israelites made their children pass through the fire. The name means 'king.' Observe that Milton chooses the names of false gods for his fallen angels.
360. **blasphēmous**. This is the correct pronunciation according to the Greek original.
365. **Adramelech**, another fire-god, of Sepharvaim (2 Kings, xvii. 31.) **Asmodai**, otherwise Asmodeus, is mentioned in the apocryphal book of Tobit. Mr. Verity points out that Milton probably drew his account from Heywood's *Hierarchie* (1635) and other books of medieval demonology.
371. **Ariel, Arioch**, and **Ramiel**. These names are either invented or simply adopted by Milton. Thus Ariel is a name for Jerusalem (Isa. xxix. i.), and Arioch is a captain of Nebuchadnezzar's guard (Dan. ii. 14). They have no historical significance, but are probably chosen for their Hebrew meanings.
404. **unobnoxious to be pained**, a Latinism, *obnoxious* meaning 'open to the attack of' or 'liable to.'
447. **Nisroch** was an Assyrian deity.
470. **Not uninvented . . . I bring**. A periphrastic way of saying 'I have invented.' Cannon were still rare, and strange enough to seem to the poets the direct invention of the Evil One. Spenser writes of 'that divelish yron engin, wrought in deepest hell, and fram'd by Furies skill.'
479. **spume** is 'foam.'
501. Here Raphael is speaking to Adam.

512. Gunpowder is made of saltpetre (or nitre), sulphur, and charcoal.
519. **missive**, an adjective = 'that can be sent. **incentive reed**, reeds to touch the powder off. **pernicious**, destructive.
541. **sad**, in its older sense of 'stern.'
544. **even or high**, either level with the body or above the head.
553. **training** means only 'dragging.' **impaled**, surrounded with a *pale* or fence of warriors.
564. **discharge** and **touch** and **loud that all may hear** are, of course, equivocal, as are many phrases in Belial's speech (620).
576. **had not their mouths, etc.** The *apodosis* to this must be 'like to pillars they seemed'—an awkward sentence.
580. **suspense** is simply Lat. *suspensus*, in suspense.
640. 'Earth has received from Heaven the pleasant diversity of hill and dale.'
654. **main**, entire.
665. **jaculation**, hurling or shooting.
672. **the sum of things**, *summa rerum*, a Lucretian phrase for the universe.
673. **advised** = on purpose.
679. **assessor**, one who sits by the side, so used of an assistant judge.
681. 'Son, in whose face can be seen the invisible, namely my Divine Nature, and in whose hand can be seen the action of my Divine Decrees.'
698. **main** again signifies the *entire* fabric of heaven.
739. Mark ix. 44: 'Where their worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched.' 'Worm' means, as we should say, 'dragon' or 'serpent.'
753, etc. Milton follows closely the account of Ezekiel's vision (Chapter I.): 'And every one had four faces, and every one had four wings. . . . The appearance of the wheels . . . was like unto the colour of a beryl . . . and their appearance and their work was as it were a wheel in the middle of a wheel. . . . And their wings were full of eyes. . . . And the likeness of the firmament upon the heads of the living creatures was as the colour of the terrible crystal. . . . And above the firmament that was over their heads was the likeness of a throne, as the appearance of a sapphire stone. . . . And I saw as the colour of amber. . . . As the appearance of the bow that is in the cloud in the day of rain, so was the appearance of the brightness round about.
760. **panoply**, complete armour.
761. **Urim** and Thummim were the jewels upon the high-priest's breastplate, and were a means by which the priest divined the will of God.
762. In this and the succeeding lines Milton deserts the description of the Hebrew prophet. The victory and the thunderbolts are the attributes of the pagan Zeus.
766. **bickering**, according to Masson, means struggling, for 'bicker' certainly means 'to fight'; but is there not another sense of quivering or sparkling, as used by Tennyson in *The Brook*—'. . . and bicker down the valley'?
785. **obdured**, hardened their hearts, became obdurate.
808. **whose**. The construction is a Greek one, the relative being attracted

into the case of the suppressed antecedent, 'his own or that of whomsoever he alone appoints.'

860. **crystal wall.** This wall is imagined to separate heaven from the space allotted to Chaos.

868. **ruining**, rushing headlong.

893. Milton here tells those who have the intelligence to understand that the warfare he has been describing is symbolical and not real.

909. **thy weaker**, Eve.

V.—SAMSON BLIND.

Samson Agonistes is, as we have remarked in the Introduction, a pure Greek tragedy in design. It is not divided into Acts and Scenes, because, as Milton explains in his Preface, it is not intended for acting. The Preface, which is a sort of apology for the adoption of the dramatic form by a Puritan poet, also explains the system of his choric odes. They do not, as do Greek choruses, correspond as Strophe and Antistrophe, because they are not intended for music. Their metre is in the main iambic, like the regular blank verse of the dialogue, but the lines vary in length. The preface further criticises the Elizabethan dramatists for interweaving the comic with the tragic. Milton conforms, as Shakespeare disdained to do, with the laws of dramatic unity, or at least with the 'Unity of Time'—that is to say, the whole action of the play occurs within twenty-four hours. This extract has been chosen as illustrating on the one hand Milton's choric metre, and on the other hand the personal note which is so strong in Milton. Milton himself at this time was, like Samson, blind in a world of 'Philistines.'

8. **silent as the moon.** The old astronomers, such as Cato and Columella, called the moon 'silent' at the end of the month when she is not visible, *luna silenti*. This space was called 'interlunar' and was supposed to be especially stormy (Horace, C. XXV.).

16. **obvious**, a Latin use, in the way (*cf.* IV. 69).

27. **obnoxious**, another Latinism, 'liable to' (*cf.* IV. 404).

VI.—ON SHAKESPEARE.

This epitaph was the first published poem of Milton; written in 1630, when he was still at Cambridge, it appeared at the beginning of the Second Folio of Shakespeare's plays, published in 1632. Observe that, although at this time Milton loved and honoured Shakespeare's memory, afterwards as the Puritan spirit grew upon him he permitted himself to slight one who, nevertheless, had an enormous influence upon his art. With its sixteen lines and rhyming couplets the epitaph is not a sonnet. The metaphor at the end, far fetched and bombastic as it is, may be considered the fault of the poet's youth.

The title as it appeared in the Second Folio was: 'An epitaph on the admirable dramatick poet W. Shakespeare.'

4. **star-ypointing.** This *y-* is the Old English prefix of the past participle (A.S. and Ger. *ge-*), here wrongly applied to a present participle.

10. **that** co-ordinates its clause to 'whilst,' etc.; in fact, 'that' is written to avoid the repetition of 'whilst.' 'Whilst that' is a common expression in earlier English.
11. **unvalued**, invaluable, inestimable. *Cf.* Shakespeare, *Richard III.*, I. iv. 27—'Unvalued jewels.'
12. **Delphic**, prophetic, because the oracle of Apollo was at Delphi.

VII.—SONNETS.

(i.) Written on his Door.

In 1642 the Royalist troops were as near as Brentford, and London was in momentary expectation of an attack. They were stopped, however, at Turnham Green, and Charles fled to Oxford. This being the first sonnet here given, it may be remarked that Milton has returned to the severer Italian scheme of rhyming, which requires two sets of four rhymes, then a quatrain of alternate rhymes, and lastly a rhyming couplet. The only essential of a sonnet is that it shall contain fourteen rhyming lines. Shakespeare's sonnet is of a much easier system—twelve lines rhyming alternately until the last couplet, which rhymes together.

1. **Colonel** is to be pronounced in the French manner, as three syllables.
10. **Emathian.** Alexander the Great, King of Macedonia (of which Emathia is a district), when he took Thebes, spared the house of Pindar, the great lyric poet whose odes celebrate the athletic victories of his age.
12. Plutarch tells us that when the Spartan general Lysander took Athens he was urged by the Theban leader to destroy it utterly. But at a banquet a Phocian minstrel began to sing a chorus from the *Electra* of Euripides, which so stirred the feelings of the company that they had not the heart to destroy a city which had produced so great a poet, and contented themselves with pulling down the walls and burning the fleet. **the repeated air**, therefore, means the repetition of this music. **sad Electra's Poet** is, of course, Euripides, though both the other great dramatists of Athens wrote plays with 'Sad Electra' for heroine.

(ii.) On Tetrachordon.

Milton's title in the Cambridge MS. is 'On the Detraction which followed upon my writing Certain Treatises.' This was written in 1645. I have given it as a specimen of the nearest approach to a light style in all Milton's poetry, if we except the two rather clumsy poems on the death of Hobson, the Cambridge carrier. It is an exaggeration to assert that Milton had no sense of humour. The quaint rhymes, and the *tmesis* between 'Mile' and 'End,' have been regularly imitated by our comic poets.

1. **Tetrachordon** was a book in favour of Divorce (see the Introduction). The name ('Four Chords') is due to the fact that it is an examination of four scriptural texts on the subject.
4. **numb'ring**, taking a census, as it were, of those capable of understanding close argument.

8, 9. Two at any rate of these Scottish and Irish names are familiar enough to us to make us wonder why the ear should be troubled with Gordon any more than with Milton. **Colkitto** and **Macdonnel** are one person, a brave Royalist who served under Montrose, Collcittok being a family name of that branch of the clan. Most Irishmen of the name Macdonnel accent it on the last syllable. **Galasp** is Gillespie, either a Scottish writer against the Independents, or, as Masson believes, is identical with Colkitto and Macdonnel, who boasted of this also among his five names.

11. **Quintilian**, a great Roman scholar and master of rhetoric, under the Empire.

12. **Sir John Cheke** was the first Regius Professor of Greek at Cambridge, at the time of the New Learning. He was Greek tutor to Edward VI. The construction of 'like ours' is peculiar. He means 'the age did not hate learning as our does.' In those days people would not have been puzzled by a simple word like 'tetrachordon.'

(iii.) On his Blindness.

One may question whether this sonnet is not the gem of all Milton's work, or whether so much compressed truth and feeling could be found in fourteen lines by any other poet. In the majestic resignation of the sentiment, no less than in the skill of the lyric craftsmanship, the natural flow of the verse and the variation of the pauses, we find here the very spirit of Milton epitomized.

(iv.) On the Late Massacre.

In 1665 the Duke of Savoy attacked his Protestant subjects in Piedmont and massacred a great number in the cause of religion. Those who escaped appealed to Cromwell for aid, and Milton, in his indignation, wrote this fine sonnet, the greatest of those of which Wordsworth has written, speaking of the sonnet:

> 'In his hand
> The thing became a trumpet; whence he blew
> Soul-animating strains—alas, too few!'

Largely as a result of the feeling aroused by this sonnet, Cromwell commanded a general fast, and £40,000 were collected for the relief of the victims. Cromwell also threatened to send our fleet to Civita Vecchia, with the immediate result that the massacres ceased and the victims of persecution were allowed to return to their homes.

12. **The triple tyrant** is the Pope, who wears a triple crown.

14. **the Babylonian woe** also refers to the Papacy; it was common among the Puritans to apply the expressions of the Book of Revelation (Chapter XVII.) to the Roman Church.

VIII.—HERRICK.

For his life and character, see the Introduction. The first nine pieces here given are from the *Hesperides*.

(i.) THE CHEAT OF CUPID.

The story is taken from Anacreon.

22. **as Love professes,** as human charity requires.

(viii.) THE PILLAR OF FAME.

This trick of facile rhymesters is called 'figurate verse.' Its principle is that the shape of the printed lines shall represent the subject of the poem. George Herbert has also employed this device, which is essentially a mark of minor poetry.

(ix.) FINIS.

This is almost translated from Martial (I. iv.): *Lasciva est nobis pagina, vita proba.* Catullus also has a similar sentence (XVI. 5).

(xi.) ANOTHER GRACE.

3. **Paddocks** are toads.
5. **Benizon**, blessing.

(xiii.) GOD'S ANGER WITHOUT AFFECTION.

Affection in this title has no connection with our sense of 'love.' It means rather without emotion or excitement.

(xiv.) A THANKSGIVING.

19. **A Butterie** was originally a cellar where the *butts* where kept and the *butler* presided; by this time it means a storehouse and larder.
22. **unflead** means safe from flies.
25. **coale** is here charcoal.
28. **Pulse**, a kind of porridge made of beans.
31. **Worts** means vegetables. Originally the word means 'plant, so we have it in many flower names—*e.g.*, St. John's Wort. **Purslain** a common water-weed used as watercress.
39. **Wassaile.** See note on III. 179.
42. **soiles,** fertilizes or supplies the rich soil.

IX.—GEORGE WITHER.

For the Author, see the Introduction.

THE LOVER'S RESOLUTION.

This song, which strikes quite a new note in the English love poetry, is deservedly the most popular of Wither's works. He has also given what he calls 'Master Jonson's answer to Master Withers,' a dialogue in verse, in which Richard Johnson interpolates a stanza between each of these. There are many slight variations in the words of Wither's part. I give the text as it appears in his edition of 1615, though he subsequently made many alterations.

9. **pined** = starved.
16. **pelican.** The pelican was an emblem of domestic piety; it was believed to feed its young with its own heart's blood.

27. I take these lines to mean, 'The woman of noble and humble nature, if she sees that her lover has none of the outward advantages of birth or fortune, considers in her mind that if he had them he would seek higher than herself, if he dares to woo her without them.' But the lines are certainly obscure. A quite different and even more obscure version appears in the 'Answer':

> 'He that bears a noble mind,
> If not outward help he find,
> Think what with them he would do
> That without them dares to woo.'

Other variations in later editions show that the author was by no means certain what he meant to say.

X.—HENRY KING.

He was born in 1591, became chaplain to Charles I., and afterwards Bishop of Chichester, where he died in 1669. He versified the Psalms, and published a small volume of sacred poems.

XI.—SIR JOHN SUCKLING.

For the lives of Suckling and Lovelace, the Cavalier poets, see the Introduction.

XII.—RICHARD LOVELACE.

(ii.) To Althea from Prison.

Twice at least our poet had occasion to write from prison. In 1642 he was elected for Parliament, and went, carrying a petition for the restoration of King Charles I. Parliament's reply was to commit him to the Westminster Gatehouse. It was then that this poem was written. Again in 1648 he was imprisoned for political reasons. He died just before the Restoration.

10. **allaying Thames**, a good example of the figure of speech called metonymy or synecdoche, the part for the whole, one river for the element of water. It is borrowed from the Latin. Compare Vergil's phrase *Acheloïa pocula*, simply meaning 'water.'
17. **committed**, imprisoned.
23. **enlargéd**, free.
28. **that** refers to the prison.

XIII.—THOMAS CAREW.

He was born in 1595 (?) and died in 1639. Of good family, he was educated at Oxford, and became a member of the Court of King Charles I. Unequal as is his work, he reached at times a far greater height than most of the minor poets of this epoch. He was one of the 'Mermaid' Company, who counted Ben Jonson as their chief (see *The Shakespeare Epoch*).

(i.) SONG.

3. **Orient,** either 'rising' or, as pearls and other gems were called, 'orient,' because the best gems came from the East.
11. **dividing.** 'To divide' and a 'division' were musical terms.
18. **Phenix,** a legendary bird, so rare that only one was born in a hundred years; when her end came she perished in fire and a new one rose from her ashes.

(ii.) IN BLISS.

This is an address to the Saints of his temple.

XIV.—RICHARD CRASHAW.

For the author's life, see the Introduction.

The qualities of this verse, the flashes of inspiration, the exquisite fancy that lights the poem again and again with brilliant phrases, are precisely the qualities that we look for in modern lyrics. Crashaw at his best is the greatest of English writers of religious lyrics. There is not in this poem one idea that could be called obvious or commonplace.

THE WEEPER.

22. **Angels with their bottles.** *Cf.* 'Thou puttest my tears into Thy bottle' (Ps. lvi. 8).
67. This last stanza is the reply of the tears. **Aurora** is the dawn, and the 'darlings of her bed' are the flowers.

XV.—HENRY VAUGHAN.

His *Sacred Poems*, published in 1651, reach the highest lyric expression by flashes and brilliant phrases, but are full of faults in versification and sometimes in taste. He is akin to George Herbert in style, but, I think, a truer poet. This poem, at any rate, contains some wonderful flashes of inspiration.

14. Observe that this line is a foot short of the other second lines.
29. It is very difficult to make this line scan.
38. **perspective,** a telescope.

XVI.—JAMES SHIRLEY.

James Shirley was born in 1596 in London, educated at Merchant Taylors' School and at Oxford and Cambridge. Destined for the Church, he was ordained, and took a living near St. Albans, but left the Church of England for that of Rome. He wrote a great number of plays and one magnificent masque—*The Triumph of Peace.* When the playhouses fell under the ban of the Puritans, Shirley kept a humble school at Whitefriars, and devoted his poetic genius to writing a versified Latin grammar, of which the following specimen may suffice:

'In *di do dum* the gerunds chime and close;
Um the first supine, *u* the latter shows.'

After the Restoration some of his plays were revived, and in Pepys' *Diary* we find this laconic criticism: 'I saw Shirley's comedy *Love's Trickes*—a silly play, only Miss Davies dancing in shepherd's clothes did please me mightily.' His end was tragic. At the age of seventy he and his wife were forced to flee from their house by the Great Fire, and the miseries attendant upon that loss proved fatal to both. He and his wife were buried in one grave at St. Giles's-in-the-Fields in 1666.

His greatest work was the *Contention of Ajax and Ulysses*, which is said to have made even Cromwell tremble. This dirge, inspired by the death of Charles I., is taken from that play, and is one of the noblest things in our language.

XVII.—ANDREW MARVELL.

For his life, see the Introduction.

His *Garden Poems*, from which this is taken, were written in 1650-1652. They represent his earlier or lyric period, during which far the most charming part of his work was done. The oft-quoted lines 47 and 48 express one of the most exquisite ideas in all lyric verse.

The Garden.

5. **narrow-vergéd**, of small extent.

29. **Daphne**, fleeing from Apollo, was turned into a laurel-tree, and Syrinx, fleeing from Pan, was turned into a reed.

65, etc. It is probably only an imaginative conceit that the flower-beds represent a sundial.

68. **zodiac.** The course of the sun through the heavens was mapped out by astronomers into twelve signs according to the twelve months. These signs together make up the zodiac. The signs of the zodiac were represented on sundials.

XVIII.—FAIR HELEN.

This is one of those nameless and dateless ballads that are transmitted by the human voice in song and recitation from age to age. The story on which it is founded is this: Helen Irving, daughter of the Laird of Kirkconnel, in Dumfriesshire, had two lovers, Adam Fleming and another whose name is said to have been Bell. Adam was her own choice; the other, who was Laird of Blacket House, was favoured by her relations. The Laird, maddened by jealousy, concealed himself in the bushes by the River Kirtle. Being discovered by Helen and her lover, he levelled his gun or cross-bow at Adam Fleming. Helen flung herself in the way of the bullet, and saved her lover at the expense of her own life. Adam slew the murderer and fled to Spain, whence he afterwards returned to be buried in Helen's grave. The ballad first appears in Sir W. Scott's Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border (1802).

7. **burd** = girl or maid.

XIX.—IZAAK WALTON.

For the author's life, see the Introduction.

VENATOR is the hunting man who has been converted by the persuasions of PISCATOR the angler, and has become his scholar. PETER is Piscator's brother, and CORIDON (a regular pastoral name) is Peter's disciple and friend. The inn is in Hertfordshire, not far from Tottenham and near the River Lee.

25. **Shovel-board,** a favourite ale-house game of that day. It consisted in sliding discs of metal towards a mark. It is something like quoits, and is now a common pastime on board ship.
32. **dogged,** surly.
62. **knacks,** gear, as in 'knick-knacks.'
78. **gentles,** the grub of the wasp or blue-bottle, still much used in bait-fishing. Walton himself and most of his friends were bottom-fishers, and the information which he gives about fly-fishing is all second-hand.
84. **fray,** frighten.
111. **Io. Chalkhill.** Died about 1678. He wrote a pastoral poem called *Thealma and Clearchus,* which was edited by Walton.
124. **replications,** repetitions.
125. **catch,** a song which was taken up in turn by several voices.
137. **depending,** we should say 'pending.'
146. **lady-smocks** are the pale lilac-coloured flowers so common in spring meadows—*Cardamine campestris,* now more commonly called cuckoo-flowers.
147. **culverkeys** are probably bluebells; the name was also given to the 'keys' of the ash-tree.
151. **Diodorus,** surnamed Siculus (the Sicilian), was a scholar who flourished about 44 B.C. The reference is V. i.
163. **Hail! blest estate.** I have not been able to find the source of this poem.
171. **Phineas Fletcher** was the son of Dr. Giles Fletcher, himself a poet. He lived from 1584 to about 1650, and wrote a fine poem called *The Purple Island. Piscatory Eclogues* were printed in the same volume.
177. **middle fortune,** the 'golden mean,' *aurea mediocritas,* of the ancient philosophers.
195. **a piece of an old catch.** This is found in a volume of *Select Ayres,* etc., by Wilson and Coleman, published in 1657. This 'catch' is for two or four voices, and the musical setting by Henry Lawes (see the introduction to Milton's *Comus*) is still extant.
207. **I marry**='Aye, marry,' 'yes, certainly.' Marry, a favourite ejaculation of this date, is the name of the Virgin.
209. **in praise of music.** This song also comes from the song-book of Wilson and Coleman mentioned above. It is signed 'W. D., Kt.,' and is probably by Sir William Davenant (1606-1668). Observe that it is taken for granted that a casual acquaintance would be able to take his part in a part-song at sight. This is not a mere literary fancy, for we have evidence that a person who was not able to do so was regarded at this time as something of a barbarian. It

would be interesting to know the reasons of our musical degeneracy as a nation.

217. **Mr. Edmund Waller** was born in 1605 and died in 1687. A great poet, a Royalist, the author of that most beautiful of recondite similes—

> 'The soul's dark cottage battered and decayed
> Lets in new light through chinks that time hath made.'

He belongs in date to this epoch, but as he was one of the early masters of the heroic style we have reserved him to the next.

XX.—THE BAILIFF'S DAUGHTER OF ISLINGTON.

Most of our traditional ballad literature comes, as does *Fair Helen of Kirconnell*, from the Scottish Border. This is a rare example of the genuine London ballad. Its authorship and date are, of course, lost in the mists of antiquity. One perceives that it relates to a time when the village of Islington was a longish journey from London. The text, which I take here from Mr. Sidgwick's *Popular Ballads of the Olden Time* (Second Series), is formed by a comparison of six 'broadsides' printed between 1672 and 1700. This was, therefore, the sort of literature in the mouths of Londoners at the period of our epoch. This text, it will be noticed, is very different from the version published in modern song-books. In the course of time it has undergone many 'refinements,' but modern taste happily prefers the unsophisticated version in spite of its obvious mistakes.

3. **bailiff**, then a person of some civic importance.

15. Observe the omission throughout of 'said he' and 'said she' as usual in ballads. Presumably, this was because they were to be sung, and the parts would be taken by different persons. The fact that the ballads were to be sung also explains their irregularity of rhythm. There is no line here which cannot be forced to fit our traditional tune.

22. **puggish.** To 'pug' is to steal, and it is suggested that this means ragged clothing such as a thief would wear.

42. **bow**, probably 'saddle-bow' is meant.

45. The lines in this stanza are obviously misplaced. The second and third should be transposed.

49. This stanza, presumably the man's exclamation, is generally omitted in modern copies, and seems from its style to be an addition to the original.

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